Saturday Review

MAY 22, 1954 / 20¢

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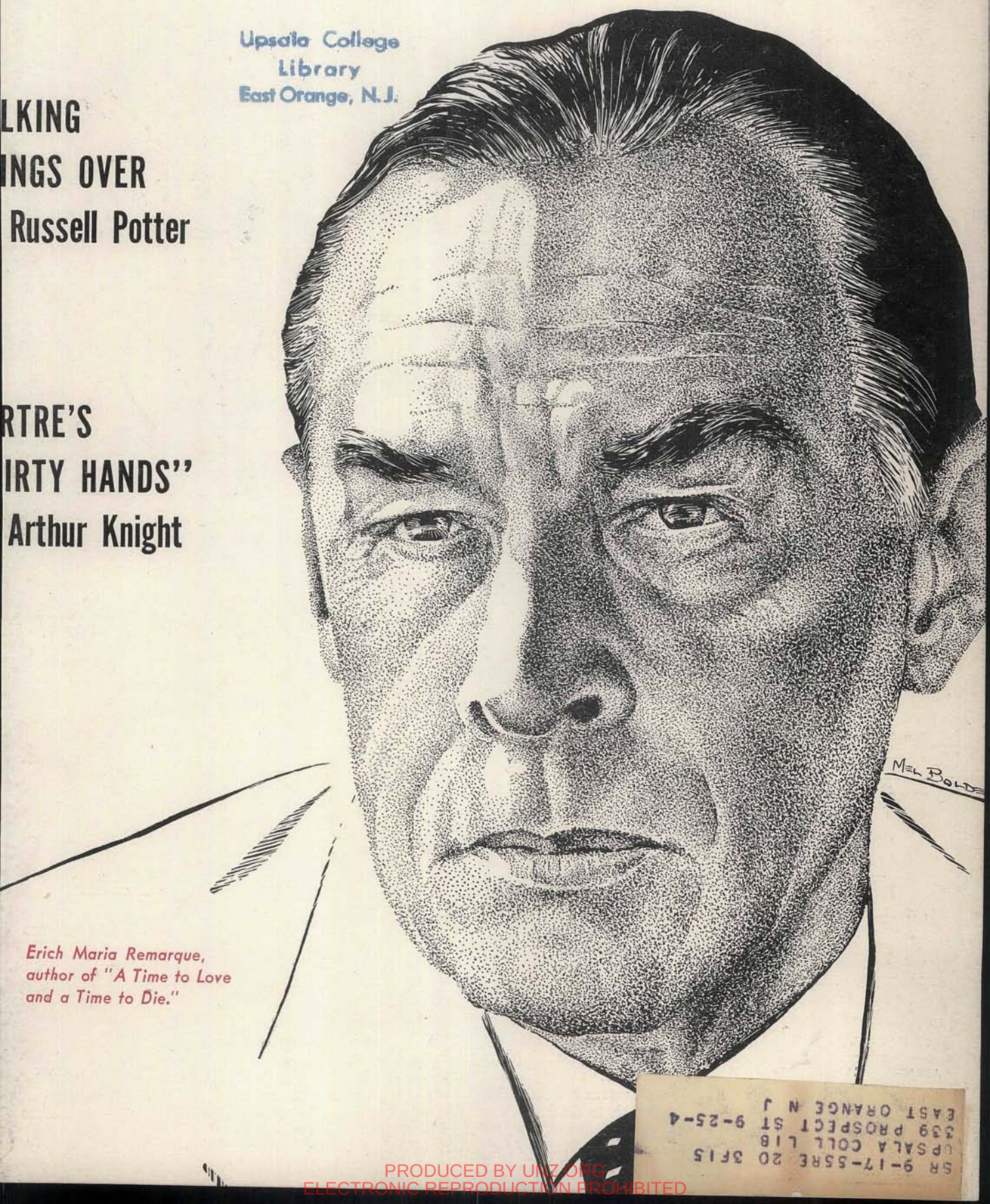
LKING
INGS OVER
Russell Potter

RTRE'S
IRTY HANDS"
Arthur Knight



Erich Maria Remarque, author of "A Time to Love and a Time to Die."

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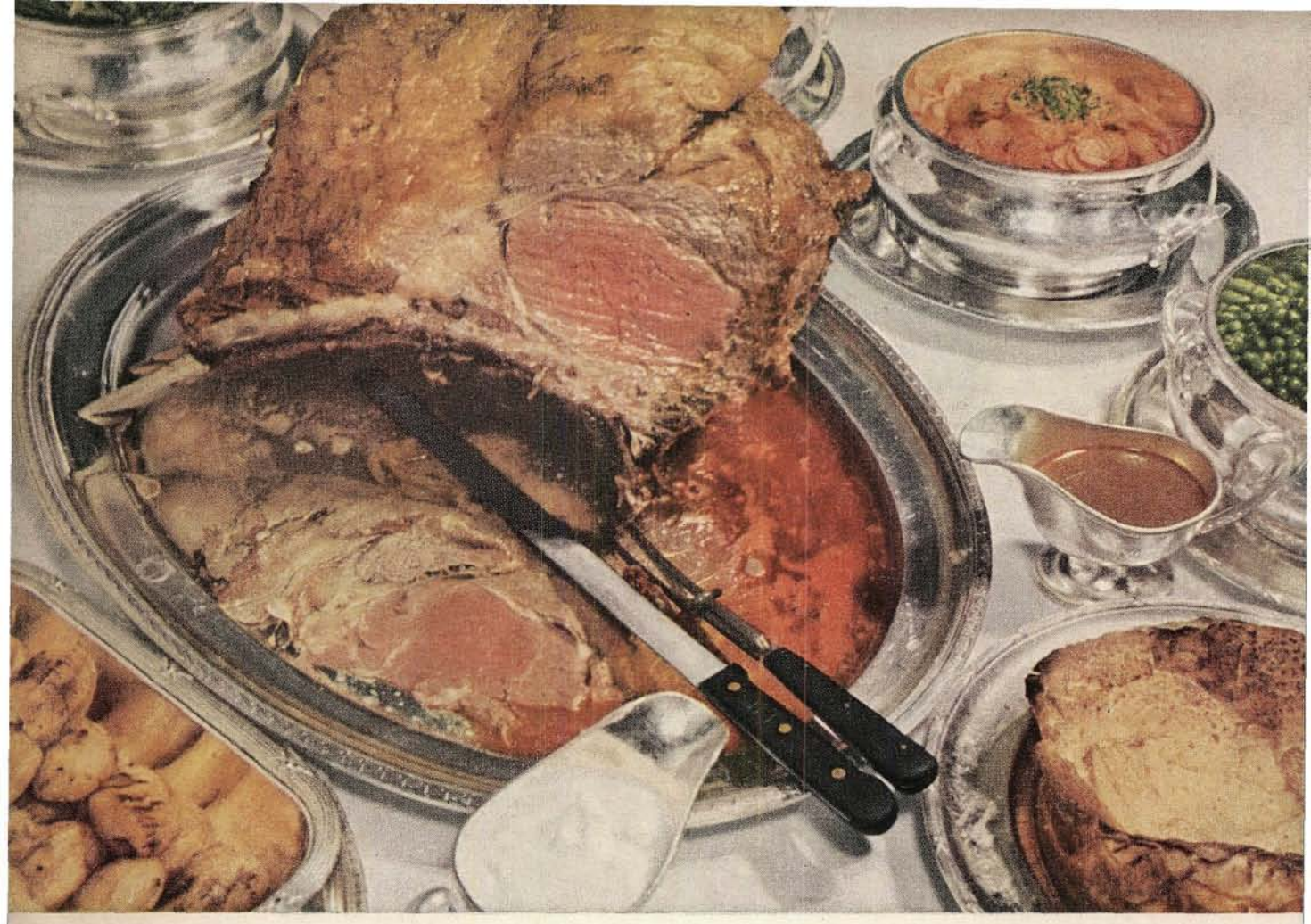

The Roast Beef of Old England is back

You can now eat magnificently in Britain—for less than $3 a day!

Lunch for $1.12 *Dinner for 98¢*

HERE is great news for anyone who is planning a vacation in Britain: *food rationing has virtually come to an end.* What's more, many experienced travelers report that the quality of cooking in British hotels and restaurants is now *the best in Europe.*

Look at these typical bills of fare. The roast beef of Old England is back—and it's very special indeed. So are Britain's famous *cheeses*—notably Stilton and Cheddar. You haven't lived until you've eaten a bread-and-cheese lunch at an old English pub, with a pint of strong ale or hard cider to send you on your way rejoicing.

For the more adventurous gourmet, Britain offers her famous regional dishes, such as Wensleydale Pie, Cocka-Leekie Soup, Scotch Haggis, Cornish Pasty, Norfolk Duckling, Forfar Bridy, Irish Stew, Devonshire Cream, Lancashire Hot Pot—and, of course, dear old Yorkshire Pudding.

Then, there are those gargantuan English breakfasts, with kippers and kidneys and kedgeree—not to mention bacon and eggs.

Prices are staggeringly low by American standards. You can find roast beef on the menu almost anywhere in Britain for $1 or less—thanks partly to the favorable rate of exchange.

Appetite whetted? For further information, see your Travel Agent. Write for free literature to the British Travel Association, Box 140, 336 Madison Avenue, New York City.

LUNCHEON 8/-

(Three courses)

HORS D'OEUVRES
CANTALOUPE

SCOTCH SALMON
ROAST SIRLOIN OF SCOTCH BEEF
& YORKSHIRE PUDDING

The Cold Table

ROAST GOOSE ROAST LAMB
CUMBERLAND HAM
HOMEMADE WENSLEYDALE PIE
OX TONGUE CORNED BEEF

APRICOT TART AND ICE CREAM
CHERRIES VICTORIA PLUMS
ICE CREAM BAKED EGG CUSTARD
THE CHEESE BOARD

The Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate

DINNER 7/-

(Three courses)

TOMATO JUICE
DU BARRY SOUP

ROAST RIB OF BEEF
& YORKSHIRE PUDDING
FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN
ASPARAGUS
GARDEN PEAS
PUREE OF SPINACH

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
RASPBERRY FLIP & CREAM
CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM
ASSORTED CHEESES & BISCUITS

The Flying Horse, Nottingham

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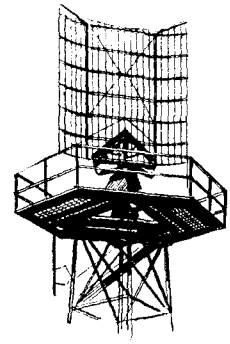
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Can inventiveness  be taught?

There never was a time when America needed more scientific ingenuity than now.

If we are to stay ahead in the world's race for technical supremacy, thousands of highly creative engineers will have to be developed . . . men who can make full, swift use of all our new knowledge and uncover more.

The question is, essentially: who can come up with the best ideas first?

There is a natural creative ability in every engineer. But sometimes it remains undeveloped all his life. That is why at General Electric we send many of our young engineers through a special course called the Creative Engineering Program.

Its aim is to bring out all a young man's inventiveness and teach him ways he can continue to increase it all his life.

A student learns many things.

He learns first that he must always think for himself, not rely only on his textbook information or other people's opinions. His first step to greater creativeness is making his own interpretations and decisions.

He learns to analyze every problem thoroughly . . . but never to be satisfied with just one way to solve it. The tried-and-true approach may not be the best one. Even methods which at first seem ridiculous often turn out to be extremely practical.

He also learns that working with other creative people can be highly stimulating, and that it often pays to bring a number of minds to bear on a project. One man's hunch inspires another; the half-formed idea of a third is made whole by a fourth; the amusing "notion" tossed out almost as a joke leads to a solution.

He works on real company problems, not just theoretical ones.

Results have been excellent. Most of the students file several patent dockets before the year-and-a-half-long course ends. And, after graduation, the men who have attended the course continue to develop new processes and patentable ideas at an average rate almost three times that of non-graduates. Some have made such important contributions that they have received General Electric's highest achievement award.

Our experience has given us a comforting conviction:

It is already possible to increase latent creative ability many-fold, and we are certain techniques will emerge in the years ahead for doing an even better job. We are looking for them every day.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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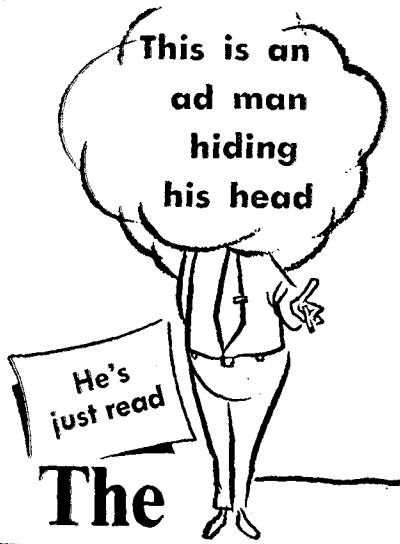

The Relaxed Sell

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

A tongue-in-cheek tour of the advertising world—from soap opera to space opera to relaxed puffs to Elsie the cow. In the words of REX LARDNER, "Mr. Whiteside hoists his subjects by their own participles. In a timeless phrase, *The Relaxed Sell* hits the spot."

—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Inimitably illustrated by
ROBERT OSBORN $3.50

Art under a Dictatorship

By HELLMUT LEHMANN-HAUPT

The whole, sinister history of art-by-directive is presented to the free world in this first English-language report on totalitarian art. From the standardization of schoolchildren's drawings to 'Total Architecture', the author details the effective Nazi campaign to make art a weapon of political indoctrination. In the light of this classic case, he studies present-day Soviet activities both in Russia and in the highly susceptible area of Soviet Germany.

Illustrated. $5.50

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The Saturday Review

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SR's Library Poll

ONE of the most common contemporary remarks about writing is that creative fiction has lost its audience as well as its vitality. There is no doubt that fictioneers are in difficulty; apparently it is harder and harder to place typical modern experience in a moving and novel fictional setting. But the readers of *SR*'s poll can see below that want of audience is not one of fiction's complaints. Ten of the twenty listed books this week are novels.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)**
3. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
4. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
5. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
6. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
7. **The Man Who Never Was**
   by Ewen Montagu (G)
8. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
9. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
   by Emily Kimbrough (G)
10. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
11. **The Desperate Hours**
    by Joseph Hayes (F)
12. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
13. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
14. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
15. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
16. **Lord Vanity**
    by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
17. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
18. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
19. **The Song of Ruth**
    by Frank Slaughter (F)
20. **Seven Years in Tibet**
    by Heinrich Harrer (G)

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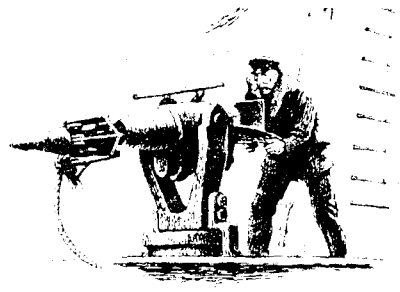
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General



An exciting first-hand account of a modern whaling expedition—a stirring adventure story and entertainment at its best

OF WHALES AND MEN

by R. B. ROBERTSON

- **"A brilliant job of reporting enriched by Dr. Robertson's enthusiasm for whales and whalemen . . . a dramatic account of a way of life that many people do not know exists."**
  —ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

"Dr. Robertson has come closer than any other writer to dealing with modern whaling as Melville did with the historic pageant. . . . His brilliantly illumined contribution . . . is due to the fact that his continued interest has had less to do with whales . . . than with what goes on in the minds and hearts of the extraordinary breed of men who take part in the strange calling."
—ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

- **"Time will inform us as to whether it is . . . a genuine classic of the sea; but it seems to have something of the smack and savor of one."**
  —CLIFTON FADIMAN, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"Dr. Robertson met some magnificent types, and some startling eccentrics. . . . There is enough material in his book for a dozen Kiplingesque stories."
—GILBERT HIGHET, *Harper's*

The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for May
With 27 photographs—$4.50 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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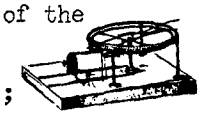
The heroine of this book is the extraordinary gadget pictured above (on the left). At one time called a typographer, and then a writing machine, it is now commonly known as the typewriter.

Here is the fascinating story of this remarkable device; of how it came into being; of the



first models; of the fantastic promotion stunts used in the early days to sell the invention; and of the revolution the typewriter wrought when it brought women into business for the first time.

Sparkling with anecdotes, loaded with absorbing information, nostalgic recollections, uproarious stories. Lavishly illustrated with photos and drawings, old and new.

THE
Wonderful Writing Machine

By BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.

At all bookstores, $3.95

RANDOM HOUSE

TRADE Winds

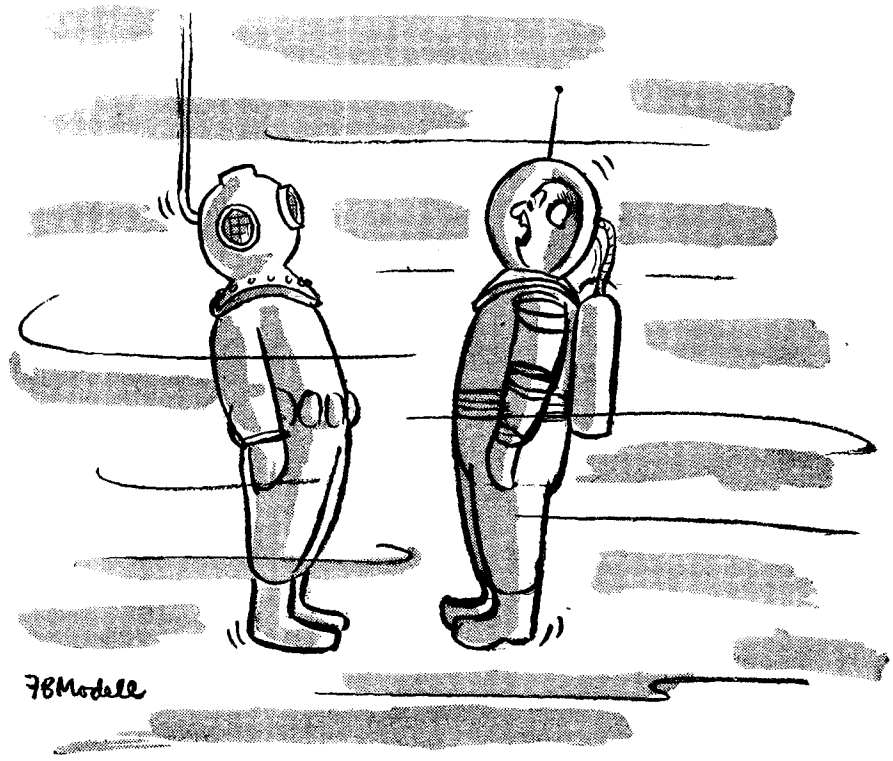
AS A RESULT of Jack Finney's novel "Five Against the House" (Doubleday). Harold's famed Reno gambling casino, advertised on billboards as far away as Florida and Maine, has changed its security precautions. The book tells of five smart-alecky collegians who conspired to rob the till at Harold's. When the manager of the joint read the book, he decided that the boys actually could have gotten away with their ingenious scheme, so he took hasty steps to rearrange the set-up before some ambitious reader tried a similar maneuver in real life. Incidentally, Mr. Finney did much of his research for the novel in the gaming rooms at Harold's Club and departed richer—by one manuscript.

THE PLAY AT HAROLD'S is chicken feed compared to what goes on in the Sands Hotel in Nevada's other gamblers' heaven, Las Vegas. One of the characters who presides over the green baize tables at the Sands rejoices in the name of Sherlock Feldman. In his salad days, Sherlock was co-proprietor of a gambling casino in the Klondike, where they used chips made of ice. One night a lucky miner made twenty-two consecutive passes, with all his pals backing him to the hilt, and Sherlock's partner moaned, "They've broken the bank. We're ruined!" The resourceful Sherlock, however, merely turned up the furnace another fifteen degrees, and all the chips melted.

Another time, at the Sands, a patron who had taken a fearful shellacking wagered every last chip he had left, crying, "Shoot the works." He was so agitated that his upper false teeth fell out upon the table. Sherlock promptly planked down *his* lower plate and declared, "You're faded."

THE WHILE SHERLOCK FELDMAN was recounting his highly improbable memoirs, he was not neglecting the more serious chore of guarding the interests of the house. A major contribution to the kitty was being donated by the then-current star at the Sands night club—Miss Tallulah Bankhead. Tallulah commanded a fabulous fee for her performance—and a darn good performance it was too—but seemed bent upon giving it all back at craps and blackjack. Between rolls, she found time to murmur fervently, "If only somebody could come up with a really first-rate play for me to do on Broadway next season! I'm so tired of letting them shoot me out of a cannon!"

HORSE-RACING AT LAS VEGAS proved a gigantic fiasco. The action was too



"What d'ya mean, 'What am I doing down here?' What are you doing *up* here?"

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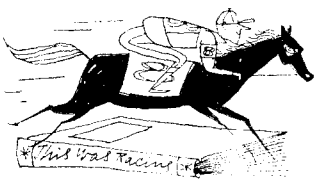
slow for the feverish gamblers who could lose their money ten times faster in any downtown club or at the nobby establishments along the Strip. In other parts of the country, however, where legalized gambling does not exist, betting on the bangtails is seemingly more popular than ever. Some of the best pieces ever



written about jockeys, horses, and the fabulous assortment of characters found at the track can be found in "This Was Racing," by the late Joe Palmer (an A. S. Barnes book).

One of Palmer's tales concerns an owner from Wyoming who showed up at a race-meeting with an eight-year-old non-starter and put him in an important race. Since an eight-year-old maiden is hardly a betting attraction, he was off at $136.50 and galloped home first by a cool ten lengths. The stewards suspected dirty work at the crossroads, and demanded of the owner, "Is this horse unsound?" "No, sir," asserted the owner. "Soundest horse you ever saw. Ankles like iron, and there ain't never been a pimple on him." "Well, then," persisted a steward, "why haven't you raced him before?" "To tell the truth," said the owner sheepishly, "we couldn't ketch him till he was seven."

WHEN MEYER BERGER was commissioned to write a piece about Rockefeller Center for *Holiday*, he asked officials at the Center if they had a fact sheet of any kind which contained all the salient facts about the project. They produced a fourteen-page mimeographed document, declaring that it was a masterful job and would contain every bit of the information he was seeking. Berger was inclined to agree with their estimate, because the document turned out to be one he had written himself some years ago for *The New York Times* magazine section. . . . High operating costs continue to play havoc with magazines' profit ratios. Crowell-Collier sales in 1953 topped 64 million dollars, yet they reported a net loss of over 4 million dollars! *McCall's* showed $1,174,000 profit on net sales of $44,570,000—about 2.6 per cent. *The New Yorker* fared relatively well in 1953. On a gross of $10,525,000, it held on to a 6 per cent profit margin, netting $640,000. Advertising revenues continue high, and subscriptions hold up, but newsstand sales drops have most mag-

books that light up half-forgotten corners of our literary heritage

Seven and a half centuries of Italian letters... from St. Francis to Pirandello

What has been the influence and significance of such writers as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Tasso, Machiavelli, and Pirandello? Here is a readable, as well as authoritative, survey of Italian literature from 1200 to 1950—filled with illustrative quotations in English, and showing the art, the music, and the historical background of each period. Here are all the Italian writers you wish you knew more about; here, too, Italy's folk literature, Humanism, the *Commedia dell'Arte*, early opera, Romanticism. Whether you know Italian or not, this book makes rewarding reading.

A History of Italian Literature

BY ERNEST HATCH WILKINS

$7.50

The ravings of a lunatic—or was there a method in his madness?

When Christopher Smart's *Jubilate Agno* was first published in 1939 (as *Rejoice in the Lamb—A Song from Bedlam*) it was thought to be the wild ravings of a lunatic; Smart had been in an asylum when it was written. Then the manuscript was acquired by Harvard, and W. H. Bond made the exciting discovery that it had been incorrectly arranged and, consequently, completely misunderstood. Here, restored to its proper sequence at last (so that it can be read antiphonally as was intended), is a notable work in all its original power and imagery.

Christopher Smart's Jubilate Agno

Re-edited from the original manuscript,
with an Introduction and Notes by ***W. H. BOND.***

$3.25

Was he primarily a man of Art—or a man of God?

For centuries, George Herbert has been admired by the religious for his piety, and by poetry lovers for his language and wit. Here is the George Herbert whose full stature is revealed by neither of these partial approaches: at one and the same time, a good man, a profound Christian thinker, a daring experimentalist in the craft of verse. A lucid, integrated study of the much-loved poet—and of the keenly discussed problem of religious belief in relation to poetry.

George Herbert: His Religion and Art

BY JOSEPH H. SUMMERS

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and don't miss JOHN KEATS—Robert Gittings' scene-by-scene recreation of "The Living Year" in which Keats wrote most of his greatest poetry. Illus. $3.50

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It's packed with invaluable tips on clothes, budgets, and bargaining; advice on how to meet people, how to stay healthy, and how to gain from travel the best things it has to offer—which, as the author says, are duty-free.

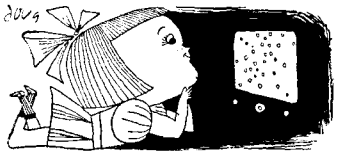
Decorations by Joe Krush $2.95

At Home Abroad

THE VIKING PRESS

azine circulation managers growing bigger and better ulcers.

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S newly published "Complete Stories of the Great Ballets" (Doubleday) is off to a fast start. It's about the most comprehensive and handy guide to ballet available today and justifies Doubleday's plea, "Just ask the man for Balanchine.". . . . Quail Hawkins, of Sather



Gate Bookshop in Berkeley, asked her niece what she liked best about TV. The child answered, "Just before the station comes on and there's all that pretty snow.". . . . Literary wolves in Hollywood, reports Mike Connolly, have a new approach: "Pardon me, but I'm writing a new telephone book, and I'd like to include your number.". . . . Knopf's new line of paperbacks is called Vintage Books and they are stored in a warehouse shared by the Viking Press, publishers of John Steinbeck. You need these facts even to begin to appreciate Pyke Johnson's elaborate fantasy: "I envisage a bookseller, at some future date, receiving

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 570

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 570 will be found in the next issue.

AIVTEITU GO PSU PDGEBNS

ZM SEBIV GVTUVEGPR,

OEDNIOOGVT UFUV PSU

GVPDGKIKGUO ZM BZLUDV

PUKSVZAZTR.—I.V.

QSGPUSUIL.

Answer to No. 569

Learn young about hard work and manners—and you'll be through the whole dirty mess and nicely dead again before you know it.—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

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a damaged shipment from Knopf's. 'Oh, ho,' he will exclaim. 'Looks as though they've been trampling out the Vintages where "The Grapes of Wrath" are stored.'"

Among the first Vintage titles, incidentally, (all priced at 95 cents) are Gilbert Highet's "The Art of Teaching," Albert Camus' "The Stranger," Gide's "The Immoralist," and De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" (in two volumes).

HAPPIEST EVENING I have had in a long time was spent, first, seeing that hilarious English movie "Genevieve," and, second, reading the captivating book by Gerald Carson, "The Old Country Store" (Oxford). Both items lean heavily on nostalgia, both bring happy memories of an era unfortunately ended. Remember Tanglefoot Flypaper, the pot-bellied stoves, the junk for sale at the candy counters, the confusion of merchandise suspended from the ceilings of those old general stores at the crossroads? Remember the rickety bandstands in the center of the village greens outside?

There is just such a bandstand, says Glen Boles, at a certain health resort in Vichy, France. The concert he attended there wound up with a rendition of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. This is the number in which one mem-

ber of the orchestra after another completes his stint, lays down his instrument, and steals away silently to the wings. At its conclusion, the leader stands alone on the platform. The lady behind Boles watched the performance with ill-concealed amusement, finally giggled to her companion, "This will teach those fool musicians not to drink all that Vichy water!" —Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1051)

HAROLD CLURMAN:

FOOTLIGHT CHAT

On the stage we do not see Shakespeare's Hamlet or his Cleopatra, but Maurice Evans and Katharine Cornell—and these bring a new substance before us as real as anything that has been written for them to say. If this is not true, there can be no art of the theatre.

"to put it mildly,
THE FINEST NOVEL OF 1954"
— LEWIS GANNETT, Herald Tribune

The Dollmaker

By

HARRIETTE ARNOW

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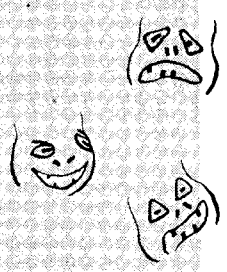

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The Saturday Review
MAY 22 1954

TALKING THINGS OVER

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *"In that closely filed speech of his, every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds . . . Every sentence brought down the house." (James Russell Lowell.)*

By RUSSELL POTTER

The lecturer in America has had a long and productive history. But is he going the way of the chautauquas at which he used to appear? Is TV killing him off? Russell Potter, director of The Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia University, assesses here the current state of American lecturing in relation to its glorious past.

TALKING things over is an old American custom. As conversationalists we may not be as witty as the French, nor as stimulating as the English when they are at their best. But we do like to "talk things over." And when we are not doing the talking we like to listen, for we realize instinctively that active listening is a creative part of "talking things over"—whether in an after-dinner conversation, a debate around the village store's cracker barrel (or its modern variant, that table in the secluded corner of the club's bar), or a question-and-answer period after a public lecture.

Out of this old American custom developed the lyceum, the chautauqua, and finally a great national circuit of forums, clubs, discussion groups, lecture series sponsored by individuals, by churches, by universities, by Rotary and Kiwanis and numerous advertising clubs, by local chambers of commerce, by hundreds of women's clubs. (It was recently estimated that the women's clubs account for some 60 per cent of the lecture business in this country.) A careful check of the mailing lists maintained by several of the large lecture bureaus leads me to estimate that there are rather more than 50,000 forums, town halls, community round-tables, and similar groups that book, or have booked, professionally managed talent. In addition, there are hundreds if not thousands of other clubs, schools, colleges, employees' groups, and so forth that help to maintain what *Variety* usually refers to as the "gabbers' circuit."

Obviously this is not a situation that has developed in America overnight. Without counting the early New England town meetings, it is safe to say that it goes back to 1816, when a serious-minded Yankee named Holbrook offered in an advertisement that now reads most quaintly "to go before groups for disquisition upon science, superstitions, politics, or theology, for what they shall deem worth to pay to my living." This was the beginning of the lyceum movement in America, and by 1834 there were nearly three thousand local groups in the east and middle-west who were "talking it over" with men like Emerson (who was a great success on the lecture platform) and Thoreau (who was not).

Before the organization of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau in 1867 by James Redpath, a friend and biographer of John Brown, the chairmen of local committees, with a few notable exceptions, made all their arrangements directly with the speakers themselves. Thus in Waltham, Massachusetts, the chairman of the lyceum had written Emerson inviting him to lecture and saying that because of depleted funds his organization could pay only five dollars by way of honorarium. Emerson replied that under the circumstances he would be glad to accept the invi-

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tation, but added that he thought the local committee should also provide a feeding of oats for his horse.

Redpath was an astute businessman, and under his leadership lecturing became a lucrative part-time occupation for many of the leading ministers, political orators, teachers, and writers, as well as for an increasing number of visitors from abroad.

Beginning with the well-established local lyceum groups, which he coordinated into "circuits" over which tours could be efficiently booked, he rapidly expanded his business until, in the 1867-1868 season, he was in a position to help Charles Dickens arrange his amazing American lecture tour that grossed the popular author a reported $228,000. (As a brief aside, it is interesting to note that on the evening of Dickens's debut in New York, at the old Steinway Hall on East 14th Street, speculators demanded—and got—twenty dollars for a single two-dollar ticket.)

Generally speaking, lyceum programs were presented during the winter months, from October through March or April. In the summer months Americans were "talking things over" in another way: they were going to "chautauqua" (a word that is untranslatable into any foreign language, and an institution which is as indigenous to the American social scene as the ice-cream cone and apple pie). This institution developed out of "camp meetings" addressed by circuit riders, itinerant ministers, and lay preachers, and was attended by pioneer families who camped out for two or three days in tents and wagons. At places like Chautauqua, New York; Lakeside, Ohio, and Fairfield, Iowa, they developed into permanent installations, with a large auditorium, smaller lecture halls, libraries, and living quarters. By the turn of the century there were probably close to four hundred such centers.

REDPATH, who had had great success in organizing lyceum circuits, saw an opportunity here for profitable summer work for his organization. He organized the Redpath Chautauqua, and set his men to work putting chautauqua on wheels and under canvas. Just before World War I he had built up a circuit of some five hundred chautauquas, with a total annual attendance estimated at forty million persons (not counting the small boys who were always chasing one another around the tents and the babies that were always crying just within earshot).

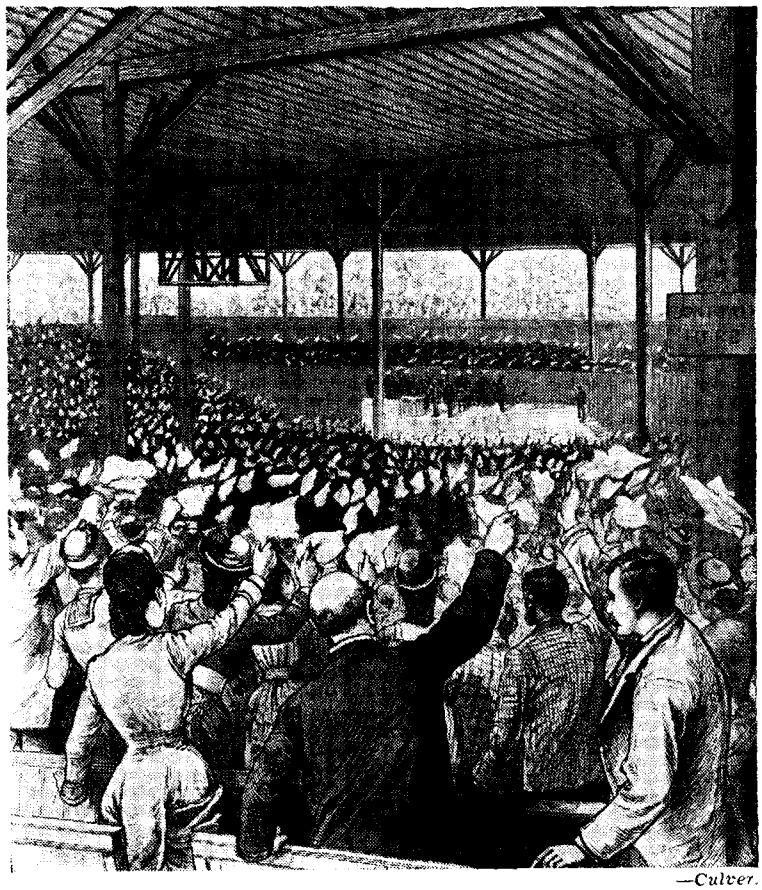
Chautauqua enabled millions of Americans to "talk things over" with such personages as Garfield, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, LaFollette, James Bryce, William Allen White, Mark Twain, Booker T. Washington, and scores of others. It enabled Russell Conwell to make in lecture fees and in royalties on the book a reputed four million dollars from one lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," which he delivered five thousand times, enough to endow Temple University in Philadelphia. Over this chautauqua circuit, and counting also winter engagements, Ralph Parlette delivered his "University of Hard Knocks" four thousand times. Lou Beaucham delivered his "Take the Sunny Side" seven thousand times.

All in all, the chautauqua was a tremendous force in American life for a good many years. But today, with a few notable exceptions, it is dead. The "college-under-canvas" is as extinct as the carriage with the fringe on top. It succumbed in the Twenties, it is reliably reported, to "gin, jazz, movies, and tin lizzies." But the American lecture system did not die with the chautauqua and lyceum circuits. Indeed, it flourished right through the gray years of the Depression, and during World War II it made a notable contribution in many different ways to our national war effort.

Open recognition of the place of the lecture platform in our society was so memorably stated by President Roosevelt in a letter written from the White House on March 31, 1943, to Lowell Thomas, then president of the American Platform Guild, that I quote it in full:

> Since the days of the Lyceum, the lecture platform has been an indispensable agency of popular education. In times of national crisis, it has given people through the land, in every city, town, and village, the facts they needed to know. I am delighted to hear that, under the leadership of the American Platform Guild, speakers and lecturers are preparing again to render this great national service.
>
> To this end the American Platform should be recognized as an integral part of the war effort. Indeed it has assumed new opportunities for patriotic service. Through its forums, town halls, women's clubs, service clubs, col-

(*Continued on page* 39)



—*Culver.*

The summer encampment at Chautauqua Lake, New York—"the lecture platform has been an indispensable agency of popular education."

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Britain's New Monthlies

By C. L. R. JAMES, *a West Indian author now resident in London.*

BECAUSE the literary periodical is in the news these days, I have talked with F. R. Leavis, whose literary quarterly, *Scrutiny,* has recently died; with John Lehmann, whose *London Magazine,* a monthly literary periodical, made its debut in January; and with Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol, joint-editors of *Encounter,* the British journal of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which is in its first year of publication. To complete the concentration, Cyril Connolly recently put together "The Golden Horizon," a literary selection from the magazine *Horizon,* which ceased publication in 1950.

These last years English literature has felt terribly the need of literary periodicals, and both *Encounter* and *The London Magazine* sold 30,000 copies of their first issue. They were obviously overdue. During the war *Horizon* and *New Writing* (edited by Lehmann) flourished. But with the coming of peace people resumed their normal pursuits, and subscriptions fell away. Further, the cost of paper rose so high and was so uncertain that it was difficult to get the financial backing that a literary periodical must have. This at any rate is the view of Mr. Lehmann, and both as publisher and editor he has the reputation of knowing the field thoroughly. Talking to him you get the impression of an extremely alert and competent man of affairs.

In literature, also, Mr. Lehmann knows exactly what he is aiming at. His review is subtitled "A Monthly Review of Literature," and he proposes for the time being to concentrate on literature. Later perhaps he may expand into the arts and even further afield. His present attitude to contributors is inclusive. There is first his own generation that came to maturity in the Thirties, writers like W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, and William Plomer. For years they have not had a periodical in which to write. Then there is the generation which emerged during the war, for example William Sansom. There are those who began to be known immediately after the war, such as Michael Swan and Patrick Lee Fermor; and finally young writers still in their early twenties, such as Elizabeth Jennings and Thom Gunn. Most of these are represented in the first number.

The London Magazine will not be exclusive in another sense. Although as a critic Mr. Lehmann has his own predilections, he proposes to have for the time being only the general criterion of a high literary standard. Obviously, the reason for this is the fact that, as almost every one recognizes, a fresh start in literary publication is being made. The format is interesting. The journal is electric blue with the title in white lettering, and it is just small enough to be slipped into the pocket. Anyone at a bookstall will pick it up and look at it. Inside creative writing predominates over criticism. In trains and buses and in living rooms I have seen it in hands I would not have suspected of being interested in a literary periodical.

Encounter may have on its list of writers such names as W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice (both of whom are in No. 1 of *The London Magazine*) and there is also Alec Waugh, Rose Macaulay, Sir Herbert Read, and posthumous writings by W. B. Yeats, Virginia Woolf, and D. H. Lawrence. But on the cover it proclaims itself as dealing not only with literature and the arts, but also with politics. This declaration of combining literature and politics within the same covers has caused some dismay in literary circles here. Not that English writers do not very often have strong and even passionate political beliefs. But the British (unlike the French today) tend to keep literature as a field where it is the writing that matters. Both Messrs. Spender and Kristol say that they deliberately put "Politics" on the cover. They wish to break down departmentalization. Issue No. 5, for example, contains an article which sees the popular interest in sport as a manifestation of the common man's need for artistic beauty.

But politics in a journal implies a political policy. In general the political policy of the Congress for Cultural Freedom is known—it is opposed to Communism. But that is not enough. I drew the attention of the edtors to an admirably written article on British Guiana, in No. 4, by Rita Hinden, an able and experienced student of colonial affairs. The article, I pointed out, took an advanced position in regard to colonial self-government: "Either one holds back everything—which is no longer possible in a British colony—or one holds back nothing." I pointed out that a great number of people in England would dissent from that judgment. If any wanted to dissent in the magazine, what would be the stand of the Editors? They both agreed that they would, of course, print a dissentient view, but they agreed also that printing both sides, so to speak, was not enough. The "Politics" on the cover was, in a very important sense, a challenge to themselves as editors. The Congress for Cultural Freedom embraced a wide divergence of political opinion. That divergence was reflected in the editorial staff of *Encounter* itself.

THE present outlook, here as elsewhere in regard to these magazines, is to maintain an open mind, to experiment, and in time opinion and a settled editorial policy would jell.

To sum up: it would seem that writers and readers alike are rejoicing that the literary periodical is back again. *The London Magazine* has its course set, the direct continuation of a long-established literary tradition. *Encounter* will grapple more directly with the multifarious problems of our troubled times. To weld these into a coherent effective review will be very difficult. But success will mean a new dimension added to the literary periodical. It should not be forgotten that they will influence each other. My guess is that while *Encounter,* under the guidance of Stephen Spender, will always deal with creative literature and criticism, there will in time be a division of labor. *The London Magazine* will for some time at least concern itself exclusively with literature. *Encounter* will be looked to for social analysis and commentary.

Neither journal, however, can replace *Scrutiny,* which not long ago published its last number. Mr. Lehmann believes that literary criticism can be serious without being ponderous or academic. "Urbane" was the word he used. Dr. Leavis, the editor of *Scrutiny,* is neither ponderous nor academic. But he is not urbane. The critical work of himself and his colleagues represents a body of strictly

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FICTION

The Sweetness of Death

"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," by Erich Maria Remarque *(translated by Denver Lindley. Harcourt, Brace. 378 pp. $3.95), is the story of young Private Graeber, German soldier in World War II, a book that invites comparison with its author's best earlier work.*

By Frederic Morton

"ONLY the unhappy man appreciates happiness. The happy man . . . displays it merely." These are words spoken in "Three Comrades," the novel by Erich Maria Remarque which would seem farthest from his latest because it is set in peace and relates young men's revels. Yet they are words that would make an accurate epigraph to "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," as well as to every other major work Remarque has written. As he returns, for the first time since "All Quiet on the Western Front," to the stench and terror of bomb shelter and infantry trench, it becomes apparent that he has never really left them. All his stories are moral, if not physical, war novels; all his heroes soldiers that dream of peace.

The foxhole is the universe. The explosions that scattered the entrails of World War I in "All Quiet" did not cease in Remarque's second book, "The Road Back." They merely changed to soundless shatterings in the brains of veterans trying to repatch their humanity, to unnumb their souls. "Three Comrades," which followed, was for all its gay binges and rough pranks also a shell-shocked novel.

Then came "Flotsam" and "Arch of Triumph," two refugee novels. Now the front was exile. Now the enemy was the strange street corner, the closed consulate door, the border guard, the deportation detective. "Spark of Life," Remarque's next, dealt with man's most organized attack upon himself: the concentration camp. And this week we are presented with a personal record of World War II as experienced by a young German soldier in Russia's grenade-racked tundras and the shambles of his home town.

With "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," then, Remarque brings up to date a raw documentary of our century. He pictures an era in which crisis has become routine, catastrophe moves on ball bearings, death is efficiently administered and unsentimentally cleaned up, terror is commonplace and melodrama humdrum. Not only do individuals perish, but individuality collapses. For a while the malaise seemed to infect Remarque's own literary faculties. In recent books he expended them on events and conditions, not on beings and feelings. In "Arch of Triumph" and "Spark of Life" particularly he was concerned with the technical minutiae of suffering rather than the personal agony of the sufferer.

It should be stated at the outset that despite the many deaths in its pages, "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" is a completely live novel. The hero, Private Graeber, is a simple lad, barely dipped into his twenties. He fights the Russians on a front that is rapidly crumbling. He returns to his native city on a three-week leave. He falls in love with a girl. He marries. He goes back to the fighting. He is killed.

Unpretentious as this story is, it encompasses all the panicked perversions of war, all the brave incorrigibility of peaceful hope, and the tragic paradox that both these things root deeply in the human heart.

It is a story refracted entirely through the nerves and thoughts of its protagonist. It is a sounding board against which Graeber's most fleeting perceptions echo as huge inferences: he wakes up among rubble and, momentarily, cannot recall this used to be his parents' house, for "all debris looked alike and he was so used to sleeping among ruins." It is a book that seizes on incidents that have become stale through other tellings and, by pinpointing details with tiny relentlessly zeroed-in spotlights, thrusts upon a familiar picture an almost unbearable fresh glare.

Most important of all, "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" is a book forged out of two searingly contemporary themes. The first involves Graeber's discovery of a moral will inside himself. For twenty years he has tried to make the best of a cog's contentments. Now, under the pressure of a girl's love and the devastation of the scenes of his childhood, ethics lose their remoteness. Storm Troop Commander Binding incarnates the new challenge. One of the most effective characters in the book, Binding is a lackadaisical, jovial fellow, sincerely generous with the loot he has accumulated from his victims. From him Graeber learns that to be lazy about evil, whether in spectacular fashion as in Binding's case, or only passively as in his own, is to become part of evil oneself. Graeber's schoolboy-like groping for what is good, and his adult manful commitment once the search is over, climax the narrative. He dies under the command of his conscience. Having made the first true choice in his life, he reconquers in death his identity.

This represents a broadening of Remarque's scope. His previous heroes were too busy toiling at sheer survival to have leisure for ideals. Skeleton 509 in "Spark of Life," Ravic in "Arch of Triumph," announced but could not practice them. Because of this added dimension, there is added humanity in "A Time to Love and a Time to Die."

The book's other theme has run through all of Remarque's work. Handled masterfully even in his weaker novels, it is the realization that the preciousness of existence may be distilled out of its very precariousness, that life is doubly sweet because, as Graeber says, "we are no longer dead and we are not yet dead." In every Remarque book there is at least one scene where its characters, staggering down the slope of destruction, grasp hands, halt, and celebrate the everlasting miracle of life.

In his earlier books this was accomplished by a single incident; in "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" it is conveyed by the relationship of Graeber and the girl Elizabeth, not limited to passages but throughout the book. It is a relationship that has little erotic substance. Elizabeth is not as convincingly fleshed as Graeber. She does not need to be. What each has in his lover is less love than a roof against death, a ratification of life. When the two crash the dining room of an upper-class hotel they do so with a bit of playful excess that allows each to give the other the privilege of being young; when Elizabeth, during an achingly beautiful interlude, spends an hour in a millinery shop selecting a hat she will never have occasion to wear, it is not the hat that matters, but her valiant resolution to accomplish an island of frivolousness in a desert of urgency.

A COMPARISON of Remarque's two war novels shows how this urgency has been compounded in the course of twenty-five years. In "All Quiet" waggish reprisals against non-coms

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were still possible. More importantly, a camaraderie obtained between dug-out mates. In "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" all motivations except blind obedience and fear have been crushed from military life. Griping and goldbricking, so characteristic among American soldiers as protest against the unnaturalness of military compulsion, are unhealthily absent. Only tired utilitarian exchanges remain about bread, frostbite, and the disposal of the dead. It isn't merely danger which saps these young men. They were calloused and animalized even before they entered the army.

THUS the naive infinite capacity for horror which made "All Quiet on the Western Front" so indelibly human a document has been extinguished. The new hero is no longer willing to be shocked. His fate appalls and deluges the reader moments before it touches him. Remarque has let his sensibilities harden along with those of his figures. I am not quite sure whether it is because of or despite this fact that "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" ranks with Theodor Plievier's "Stalingrad" as the most laceratingly powerful German novel to come out of World War II. While Plievier conjures up the inferno of divisions, Remarque recreates, more immediately and vulnerably, the hell of a single private.

Viewed against Remarque's career so far, the new novel shows that he still writes whereof he suffers. Like Hemingway, he was permanently damaged and therefore permanently inspired by war. Like Hemingway, he dramatizes a generation "hard . . . afraid of feelings, without trust in anything but the sky, trees, the earth, bread, tobacco that never played false to any man." (The quotation, taken from "Three Comrades" could easily be fitted into "The Sun Also Rises.") But whereas Hemingway, being American, had to nurture the vision of violence in foreign bull rings and transatlantic wars, Remarque, the German, saw it redescend upon his own country. Exile became *his passage d'armes*. He does not possess the genius for bare symbolic dramaturgy of his American counterpart, but, on the other hand, his figures are not encumbered with the heavyweight-contender-complex of some of Hemingway's hairy prima donnas. Remarque, for all his international celebrity, his familiarity with the villas of Lago Maggiore and the bistros of Beverly Hills, has not lost the sensitivity or eloquence of his old wounds. In "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" he has said something enduring with the truth of pain.

A Man of Peace and Plenty

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, a blond, blue-eyed, husky cosmopolite of fifty-five, who had brief careers as a member of the *Wehrmacht* (the first of the big wars), salesman (headstones), copywriter (tires), racing driver, and editor (sports magazine) before leveling off as an author in 1929, is at once a fine and furious example of a man whose time is composed of writing and nightclubing. He works at both very seriously. Possessing sources of energy that would do splendidly for a whole platoon of writers, Remarque has been known to work and work and work on a single paragraph, goading it on until it shouts his theme of the senselessness of war. For all his literary devotedness, however, he has still managed to take some time off to build an enviable reputation as a nightowl. Remarque is often regarded as a man-about-town who, in the company of celebrities, can do "21," the "Stork," and another nitery or two before dawn comes up. All in all, his twin existence has produced "one of the most widespread literary legends of our day," as Denver Lindley, Harcourt, Brace editor and translator of several Remarque novels, puts it in the current *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. A friend speculated the other day:

> When "Im Westen nichts Neues" appeared in 1929 it had a strong stylistic impact on German writing. A carefully balanced style was then in vogue, and Erich's book had the sort of effect Hemingway had. In defense, some German writers said, "Remarque is no serious writer. He does magazine articles on 'How to Mix a Cocktail,' so forget him." Erich's reaction may have been, "The hell with them. I'll play the cocktail role," and he has been doing that ever since.

Even years of comfortable living have been unable to wash from his consciousness the futility of war he had learned as a German soldier in the two years before Nov. 11, 1918. Remarque, who was born in Osnabrück, Westphalia, saw action on the Western front, stopping Allied ammunition several times. After the war he tried out several occupations before writing "All Quiet on the Western Front," a phenomenal success that had been originally turned down by some eighteen German publishers. These things happen. His royalties from "All Quiet" and his other novels resulted in a kind of reupholstering of his life. It became composed of, among other things, Lago Maggiore (he bought a house in Switzerland overlooking it), the Hollywood area (he lived there for a time after arriving on these shores in 1939), the Ambassador Hotel on Park Avenue (his home until he moved into an East Side apartment last summer), art (his sizable collection has included Cezannes, Matisses, and Van Goghs), Persian rugs (he is so informed on the subject that the British Museum once asked *him* a question on rugs), night spots (Marlene Dietrich often shared the same table). Yet despite that relaxed way of life, war has always had a headlock on Remarque. A friend commented:

> He is essentially a very serious man—like all good writers, a moralist at bottom. His nightclub pose appears to be almost carefully cultivated, a kind of bravado. Writing and nightlife exist in him, all right, but there's a good deal less of the man-about-town these days.

Throughout much of his life Remarque has managed to be one jump ahead of catastrophe. He left Germany a couple of weeks before Hitler took over in 1933. The Nazis kept trying to win him over, but Remarque wasn't the least bit interested. On May 10, on the Opernplatz in Berlin, Remarque's book, along with books by Mann, Einstein, and others, was consigned to the flames. Remarque was also burned in effigy. By some kind of prescience he left Europe shortly before World War II.

A U. S. citizen now, Remarque is at his Maggiore home. In a letter the other morning he wrote: "I am slowly recovering and find the best way to escape a hangover (about a book) is to start a new bottle (a new book)." It is a New York story.

—BERNARD KALB.

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Paternity Possessed

***"Perdu," by Paride Rombi** (Harper. 215 pp. $2.75), tells of a Sardinian boy's search for a father he has never known.*

By William Murray

"PERDU'S story begins the day that Angiuledda Vargiu, his mother, married Efisio Manzella." With this simple but devastating opening sentence Paride Rombi sets the stage for "Perdu," a fierce tale about a Sardinian boy's search for the father he has never known. The setting of this short novel is the Sulcis section of Sardinia, a poor and desolate country "compounded of laughter and tears, of savage violence and gentleness, of bleakness and enchanting grace." These are all qualities which Mr. Rombi's first novel possesses in abundance and which have contributed to make it an artistic achievement of the first rank.

Perdu, which is Sardinian dialect for Peter, was exactly seven and a half years old when his mother married. He was a quiet, gentle child who had been brought up by his grandfather, a stern old "Moor" of the old school who was "shut up inside himself like an unripe chestnut in its shell." No one in Perdu's home village of Terreluxi really knew with certainty who Perdu's father was, since at the time of his birth Angiuledda, then only fifteen, had been away working as a servant in some other district. The little boy quite naturally had always been curious about this missing father. The problem, however, seemed to become resolved when Angiuledda married Efisio Manzella, a local young man whose family disinherited him for performing so dishonorable an act. And it is just at the point, months later, when little Perdu has begun to love and accept Efisio as his father that the tragedy begins: Efisio returns home unexpectedly one night, suspects his wife of having been with another man, and murders her in her bed, practically before the child's eyes.

The murder of Angiuledda Vargiu leads, of course, to more violence until the tragedy plays itself out. Helpless in a world he does not yet understand, trapped in a series of events over which he has no control and whose full import he cannot grasp, Perdu's search for his missing father becomes an obsession strengthened by the implication of his mother's dishonor. When at last Perdu learns the secret surrounding his birth, the discovery shatters his life and leads to his self-destruction.

This is a powerful story with its roots deep in the primitive passions and traditions of a backward society that has not changed for centuries. Rombi, himself a Sardinian, writes with the same depth of understanding so evident in Verga's Sicilian stories. The tale has not been fabricated and then thrust against a more or less authentic background; on the contrary, it seems to have grown out of that background, to be almost indistinguishable from it. The tragedy of Perdu is also the tragedy of Perdu's people and their land, in all its beauty and misery. It is this quality which raises the novel to the status of a major work of art. Mr. Rombi writes with simple eloquence, without wasting any words at all. I wish his publishers had given credit to the unknown person who is responsible for a first-rate translation.

—*Farabola, Milan.*

Paride Rombi—"depth of understanding."

Felix Holt—"carefully plotted."

Blue-Grass Boy

***"Dan'l Boone Kissed Me," by Felix Holt** (E. P. Dutton. 248 pp. $3), tells of a few exciting weeks in the life of a small boy raised on a tobacco-growing farm in Kentucky. Here it is reviewed by Harriette Arnow, author of the recently published novel "The Dollmaker."*

By Harriette Arnow

A LITTLE girl would be something of a change, or better yet a baby, for a story told from a baby's point of view would have its advantages; but apparently the season for stories as seen by young boys, usually adolescent, goes on and on reaching neither solstice nor equinox. However, young Zeff Caldwell, who narrates Felix Holt's "Dan'l Boone Kissed Me," is better than most at overcoming the narrowness and rigidity of the boundaries automatically set up when a whole book is limited to the actions and perceptions of one child. He not only gives us a swiftly moving, pleasant pastoral where true love and justice defeat slander, cowardice, avarice, and mob violence, but also, mostly in the language, some flavor of a way of life now dead.

The book, so brief it can be read at a sitting, covers a few weeks in the lives of the various people who center about Egypt Farm, home of the Caldwells in that part of Kentucky, west of the Tennessee known as The Purchase. Pappy Duke is a prosperous, though somewhat grasping middle-class farmer, given to ruling his immediate family, his kin, and his croppers with the same just sternness, untempered by mercy, as he rules his fields and his animals. Most of the other characters, even the old grandmother who in her girlhood had been kissed by Daniel Boone, seem little more than cardboard figures put in as a background for Duke. It was only when his younger sister and Terrill, his oldest son, each fell in love with a person unacceptable to Pappy Duke that Duke for the first time in his life did not get his way; but such is the romance of the story he was richly rewarded in the end—his change of heart bids fair to help him in politics.

Brief as it is, the work is so carefully plotted as not to appear episodic. The story begins when the Caldwell family learn from a visiting tobacco buyer that a Jew has moved to the county seat town, Calvary. This, they take as an omen that the town will

(*Continued on page* 34)

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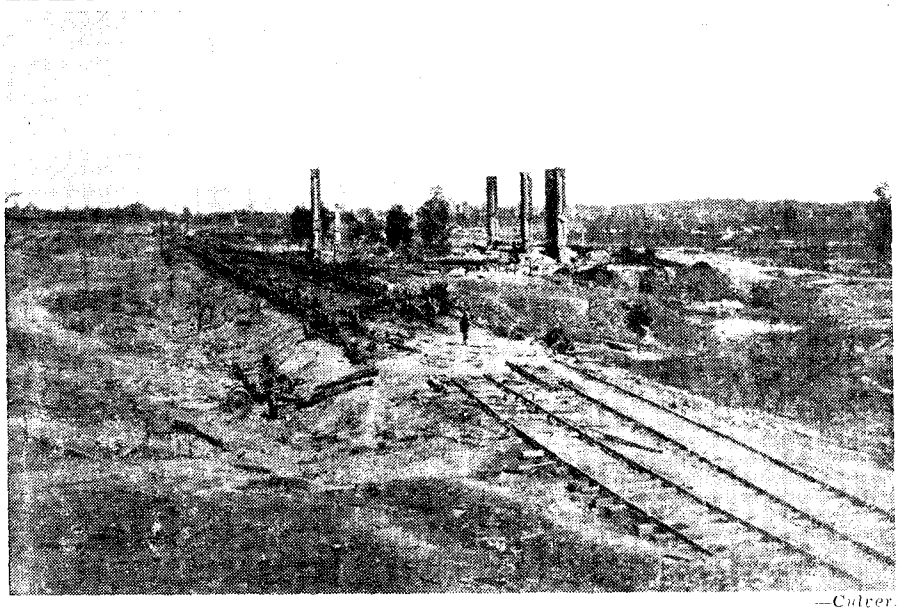
THE CIVIL WAR



—Culver.

Destruction of General Hood's ordnance by Sherman—"war . . . and disintegration."

America's Lost Cause

"A History of the Southern Confederacy," by Clement Eaton *(Macmillan. 351 pp. $5.50), brings together the voluminous research published during the past quarter of a century into a brief, well-organized account of the Southern side of the War Between the States. Our reviewer, Ralph Selph Henry, is the author of "'First With the Most' Forrest." and other studies of the Civil War.*

By Ralph Selph Henry

AFTER Americans have participated by the millions in the worldwide wars of the past forty years, it would seem that there would be less, rather than more, interest in a "home-made" war whose last battle was fought nearly ninety years ago. That this is not the case, however, is attested by the flourishing groups devoted to study and discussion of the Civil War which have come into being in recent years in a dozen or more cities, Northern as well as Southern. And it is even more strikingly evidenced by the increasing number of works on the subject.

No less than 150 books and monographic articles published in the past twenty-five years or so are cited by Clement Eaton in his "History of the Southern Confederacy," along with half a hundred manuscript collections, held in a dozen depositories, most of which have become available in the same period. In working these recently opened veins along with older and more familiar sources, Professor Eaton must have found that his problem was not one of seeking material but of selecting the significant and organizing its presentation.

This is particularly true because this newest general history of the Confederate States is also one of the briefest. In a volume of only 351 pages, including notes and index, the author presents political and social history as well as military history, preserving all the while a fine balance between these diverse but inseparable elements.

The first chapters deal with the forces leading to secession, which Mr. Eaton rightly sees as more emotional than economic, and with the decision for war which resulted from President Lincoln's purpose to reinforce Fort Sumter. The third chapter deals with the organization of the Confederate government which, in the author's opinion, was definitely lacking in statesmanship and feeble or mediocre in the conduct of civil administration. This is followed by a chapter on Confederate diplomacy which, for the most part, ended in failure. Three more chapters deal with the life and character of the Confederate soldier, with the generals and their strategy, and with logistics, which was imperfectly understood, Mr. Eaton says, and indifferently applied except for the brilliant performance of General Gorgas of the Ordnance Department.

It is only with the eighth chapter—half way through the book—that the invasion of the South is taken up. This chapter carries the story of fighting on land through the first year of hostilities. Naval power in the war is treated separately, followed by another chapter on military affairs from the time of Lee's march into Maryland and Bragg's Kentucky expedition through the repulse at Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg.

These accounts of military movements are followed by chapters on the effect of a war atmosphere on society and culture, on the disintegration of the Southern economy, and on the deterioration of morale due partly to economic reverses and even more, in the author's opinion, to military reverses. The President and his Cabinet, it is observed, failed to realize the importance of civilian morale. The combined effect led to "loss of the will to fight," which had its effect in what is described as the "sunset of the Confederacy"—the series of military events from midsummer of 1863 to the surrenders in the spring of 1865.

The work is rich in information on all these varied aspects of the life and death of the Confederate States. And, as is to be expected of one who combines in his background study and teaching experience in both sections of the United States and in England, and who is now on the faculty of the University of the border state of Kentucky, the author deals fairly with the two contending sides. To this perhaps not altogether impartial reviewer, however, it seems that he has not taken quite sufficient account of the inherent difficulties with which the Confederate leaders were confronted, although, at that, Mr. Eaton's judgments are less harsh than those passed by many contemporary Confederates upon their own government. But with all their shortcomings, it should not be forgotten that the Confederate government and the Confederate people held the field and kept fighting for four years against military odds of at least two-to-one at the outset of the war which increased to three-to-one toward its close.

In treatment, the book is topical rather than narrative. This makes for a more ready comprehension of the several phases of history which are successively dealt with, though at the risk of some confusion in the mind of one unfamiliar with the subject who might seek to follow the sequence of events from the birth to the destined fall of the Confederacy. But whether looked at from the point of view of the needs of the student or of the general reader, this new history of the Southern Confederacy is an outstandingly useful contribution to the ever-growing literature on the subject of a war which is peculiarly American.

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Old South sans Glamour

"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," by Minor Blackford *(Harvard University Press, 293 pp. $5), and* ***"The Fremantle Diary," edited by Walter Lord*** *(Little, Brown, 304 pp. $4), offer first-hand views of life behind the Confederate lines, the first through the eyes of a Virginia family, the other through those of a visiting British soldier. Here they are reviewed by Clement Eaton, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, author of "A History of the Southern Confederacy," reviewed in this issue.*

By Clement Eaton

"BLOOD will tell," wrote one of the Blackfords when his brother was jilted; "her Father is a Yankee and she was born in N.C.!" The Blackfords of Virginia were long on ancestry and short on cash, a condition of life to which many proud Southerners had to accommodate themselves. Their family chronicle reveals much concerning the curious mixture of democracy and caste which characterized Old Virginia. Only recently have scholars, using the manuscript census returns of 1850 and 1860, presented the realistic structure of the society of the Old South. Thus, the great middle class of farmers has emerged from obscurity to take its rightful place in the social structure and the numerically small planter class has been deemphasized. Minor Blackford's memoir of his family, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," despite occasional romantic overtones, contributes to whittle down the glamorous legend of the plantation aristocracy.

The central character of the narrative, Mrs. Blackford, is the opposite of the sweet, fragile woman that is supposed to have been typical of the Old South. The most remarkable aspect of her strong and dominant personality was that in a society which found multiple justifications for slavery she vigorously condemned the institution, actively worked for its abolition, and kept manuscript notes illustrative of the cruelty of slavery. The letters of freed slaves whom she and her family sent to Liberia form some of the most appealing pages of this volume. Although she taught her sons to hate slavery and they were strong Union men, nevertheless, all five of them fought gallantly for the Confederacy. They did not feel that they were fighting to preserve slavery but that honor and loyalty to their people left them no alternative.

The Blackford chronicle is chiefly a collection of letters. It does not have the charm, the sparkle, and the hedonistic delight in the pleasures of society and witty conversation which distinguish Mrs. Chesnut's "A Diary from Dixie." Mary Blackford was a Victorian lady, intensely serious, and her interests were largely religious and moral. The childless Mrs. Chesnut had the leisure and opportunity to move in the high Confederate world, where she conversed brilliantly with heroes, generals, diplomats, statesmen, and society ladies. Mary Berkeley, on the other hand, was a semi-invalid, with a touch of religious bigotry in her nature, but she gave five sons to the Confederacy and her active opposition to slavery raises this record of her life into a position of unique importance in the literature of the Old South. "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," like Faulkner's novels, shows a different kind of glory from that of the romantic stereotype of the Old South with its emphasis on material grandeur—it is the glory of character.

In "The Fremantle Diary," as edited by Walter Lord, we see many aspects of the life of the Southern people which are not revealed in the Blackford family chronicle. Lieut. Col. Arthur Fremantle of the Coldstream Guards spent a leave from the British army in traveling through the Confederacy motivated by a sense of adventure. He had a fine ironic sense and an eye for significant detail, so that his journal is one of the most amusing and absorbing records of the Confederacy. Also, he had the proper spirit of a traveler: wide curiosity, a sympathy for the people, engaging friendliness, and the ability to adapt himself to various uncomfortable conditions. Journeying from Texas to Pennsylvania, he saw and enjoyed the variety of the life of the Old South. He talked with humble people, with Negro slaves, and with practically all the principal Confederate generals except the recently killed Jackson, concerning whom he collected some salty anecdotes. His pen portraits of the great men of the Confederacy are vivid and pleasing but not penetrating.

—*Richard Harwell.*

Sir Arthur Fremantle—"proper spirit."

A DECIDED virtue of his travel account is that he described the manners and mores of Southerners as contrasted with those of Englishmen. Quickly he learned to shake hands with everyone and on all occasions, to drink the potent Texas cocktails and Confederate coffee made from sweet potatoes and rye; he observed with amusement the Texas judge who drove the mules of his stagecoach with dignity and with a shower of picturesque oaths, and he danced vigorously in the "American Cotillions." He visited the remarkable powder plant at Augusta, the fortifications at Mobile and Charleston, he witnessed Bishop-General Leonidas Polk baptize Braxton Bragg, and he talked with the Copperhead leaders.

Fremantle entered the Confederacy at the period of its highest morale, the few months before Gettysburg, and he was tremendously impressed with the confidence and patriotism of the Southern people, especially the women. He did not see the dissensions among the generals and the civil government that existed at the time of his visit but which after Gettysburg caused the Southern people to lose the will to fight. He noted that the individualism of the Southern people, perhaps their chief military weakness, resulted in such a lack of discipline and straggling that the generals could not count on prompt time schedules in performing complicated maneuvers. Fremantle was present at Gettysburg and has left an unforgettable account of this battle and of the noble conduct of Lee in defeat.

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DOWN TO THE SEA

The Slaughter of Leviathan

"Of Whales and Men," by R. B. Robertson *(Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. $4.50), is a report by a Scottish physician on what he learned about whales and whaling through eight months' service on a vessel "as big as the* Queen Mary." *William McFee, who reviews it here, is the author of "Casuals of the Sea," "The Beachcomber," and other stories of sea life.*

By William McFee

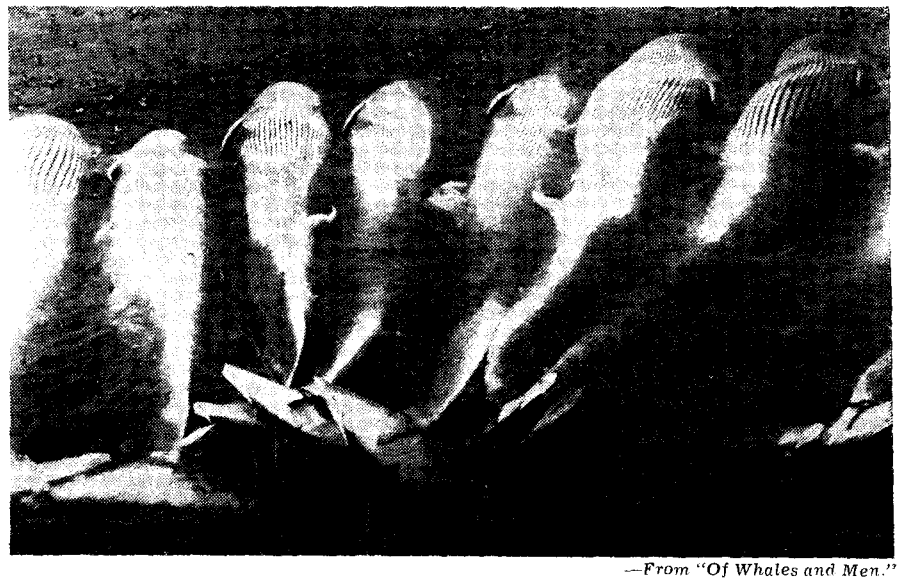
DOCTORS have long been established as successful writers. Without research Sir Thomas Browne, Tobias Smollett, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir James Barrie, Axel Munthe, A. J. Cronin, and Somerset Maugham come to mind. We can even mention here Sigmund Freud, a good writer; for Dr. Robert Blackwood Robertson, author of "Of Whales and Men," was a mental specialist before he sailed as senior medical officer of a large pelagic whaling fleet bound for the Antarctic Ocean. Dr. Robertson's experience as a psychiatrist was not only immensely useful to him as the physician to nearly 700 men (without women) over a period of eight months whaling and 48,000 miles of sea; it enabled him to clarify for his readers many problems of seagoing psychology, concerning which much nonsense has been written by novelists and newspapermen.

Dr. Robertson's remarkable availability for the role of whaling historian was confirmed by his Scottish background, and his wide knowledge of war and the races of men in the Abyssinian and Italian campaigns. The other officers knew at once that the new doctor was going to write a book. He seems to have made friends with every member of the crew with whom he came in contact. He became a whaleman in spirit. He explored the strange mental world of those men, cut off from what we call civilization. "Of Whales and Men" is never profound, but it is an extremely honest and readable report of a remarkable adventure in a little-known commercial enterprise.

The factory ship sailed from Scotland to Norway to pick up the whalers, called at Aruba, in the West Indies, to load twenty thousand tons of fuel oil, and departed south for South Georgia, the desolate island where lies the body of the great explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton. Dr. Robertson's description of Leith Harbor, in South Georgia, must be read to be believed. The whalemen call it "the slum of the Southern Ocean." From that odoriferous base the ship set out on her long trek to the whaling grounds.

Dr. Robertson confesses at the beginning that "it is difficult for any literate person who has been a-whaling to write of his experiences without constantly quoting and referring to the masterpiece of whaling literature, 'Moby Dick'." The fact is, Melville's knowledge of whaling has been over-stressed. He got a lot of it out of books. Like Dr. Robertson, he made only one voyage after whales, and much of that was in the warm, sunny Polynesian area, whereby we have "Typee" and "Omoo." His masterpiece is the psychological tour-de-force of a mysteriously frustrated personality. Robertson's book, on the other hand, is a straightforward narrative by a psychiatrist perfectly adjusted to any environment he may encounter. The author is a level-headed Scot, who was thirty-seven when the joined the expedition, engaged to "the loveliest girl of all." So we may leave "Moby Dick" out of it. He is a mythological monster, swimming in Melville's imagination.

We are not told the tonnage of S. S. *Factory Ship*, or her name, if she had one. Dr. Robertson says she was about the size of the *Queen Mary*, which sounds awesome. Certainly she was big, almost a town, an engineering plant and a whale factory. She had two funnels aft, side by side, with a huge sloping passage between her propellers and her rudders, up which whales of eighty or ninety tons were whisked as if they were salmon, to be dismembered on deck by the flensers. Robertson's description of her, as two large oil-tankers welded together, is not far-fetched. The seamen were Shetlanders, the engineers and deck officers Clyde men or from Dundee, the whaling experts Norwegians. We learn of the monopoly of skills and patents the Norsemen maintain, and we have occasional glimpses of the Scottish whaling owners, who make substantial fortunes from the vitamins, fertilizer, cattle-feed, and margarine fats, which are so vitally important to the public. The staff included electricians, radar experts, machinists of all kinds, chemists, scientists, navigators, and cooks; and an inspector, a retired Royal Naval commander, representing the International Whaling Board, who was supposed to enforce the rules of that authority, rules designed to preserve the whales from total extinction and safeguard the public health. Dr. Robertson's exposition of the ruthlessness of the whaling companies, and the timidity of the British and Norwegian governments in the face of that ruthlessness, is illuminating and disturbing. We are all for free enterprise, of course, but it does seem that the pious Scottish stockholders restrict their humanity and charity to the residents of the northern hemisphere. They remind this reviewer of the pious shipowners of his youth, the godly Glasgow citizens who hur-



—*From "Of Whales and Men."*

Blue whales on tow—only $72,000 worth, a poor day's catch.

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ried us away to sea Saturday night, so that the Sabbath should not be defiled. but who raised no objection to our working around the clock on Sunday in Venice or Port Said. That blend of piety and shrewd commercial talent, for which Scotland is famous, receives its due in Dr. Robertson's harsh pages. His book may draw public attention to the less admirable features of the whaling industry.

Fascinating are the author's dialogues with the scientific and technical members of the crew, when dealing with the unsolved problems of cetacean lore. Why, for example, does the great blue whale have his blowhole always on the port side, while all other whales have it amidships? Why is the fin-back whale pure white on one side of his mouth and jet black on the other? Why does the small sei whale have one quarter of his baleen black and the rest white? Why is no female sperm whale ever seen in the Southern Ocean?

These conundrums are argued back and forth; bottles of Scotch and "plonk" (home-made liquor) are won and lost, and the reader's curiosity is stimulated by exciting but unprovable solutions.

Dr. Robertson lays too much stress, perhaps, on the apparent literacy of some of the crew. It is the reviewer's experience that many non-literary seafarers will read anything if they don't have to buy the book. Catch them ashore, and they have reverted to pulps and Westerns.

The doctor holds our attention better when he tells of the operation he performed on a badly smashed mate of a wildly pitching catcher-ship, who had been caught in a nylon cable with a whale attached, when the propeller cut it. The man's body and legs were cruelly torn. The ship was sometimes almost upside down, the weather was freezing, and the doctor only kept his patient quiet with noggins of rum, hot tea, and morphine. It took place at night while the ship headed for the lee of an iceberg. It is a great story, with a wry ending. The whaling company refused to ship the wounded man home because of the expense.

"Of Whales and Men" is so packed with adventure that Hollywood may bid for it as a vehicle. A word of warning is in order. The book has no love interest, as the phrase is understood in Hollywood. Hollywood once made a film of "Moby Dick" himself. John Barrymore was Captain Ahab. After triumphantly killing the White Whale, Ahab comes home to his sweetheart, and is seen on the dock with the young lady in his arms. We hope nothing like that will happen to Dr. Robertson's fine books, but we have our fears.

Undersea Archeology

*"**4,000 Years Under the Sea,**" by **Philippe Diolé** (translated by Gerard Hopkins. Julian Messner. 237 pp. $4.50), is an account by a writer turned frogman of his adventures exploring the wreckage of maritime trading lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean since ancient times. Here it is reviewed by N. J. Berrill, author of "The Living Tide" and other books*

By N. J. Berrill

FREE divers or frogmen have come into their own since the turn of the midcentury, as the result of techniques perfected under pressure of naval warfare. J.-Y. Cousteau recently gave us this story in "The Silent World," offering it in a clear and exciting form that one would expect from a pioneer, and with an intensity and professionalism that stems from the circumstances of the German occupation of France. At the same time he communicated the kind of elation that mountaineers and speleologists experience in scaling high peaks or reaching great depths within limestone hills, the adventure of penetrating untrodden or unfamiliar regions that have a strange beauty of their own. The margin of the sea offers this sort of experience on a much wider and more accessible scale, and requires simple equipment and little or no organized teamwork except for the overly ambitious. It offers escape not merely into a new medium in which one hears no sound, feels no weight, and sees no horizon; it affords an entrance into a liquid world already fully inhabited by its rightful owners. It offers enchantment, which all who have entered it seem to have found.

Philippe Diolé, another Frenchman, belongs to the second generation of divers—that is, if we reckon in terms of the miscalled "frogmen" alone. For free diving is the direct outcome of the clumsy salvage divers and of the less encumbered naturalist divers such as William Beebe, who kept the helmet and pump but dispensed with the suit. It is equally the offspring of the skin divers of the Mediterranean and elsewhere. Free diving, as now practised, combines the better qualities of both its parents, and Diolé, like many others, has acquired this inheritance ready made; although being a wise man who knows his limitations as a submarine creature he limits his diving to reasonable depths. His evolution as a diver is of interest.

The first phase of free diving requires only goggles and fins; the second includes the compressed-air tanks which allow the swimmer to stay below for as long as he usually likes. Man being naturally predatory, generally descends equipped with a spear or harpoon to pit his skill against the life of a fish or perhaps an octopus. This is a one-sided contest and Diolé passed through his hunter stage more rapidly than most, a sign of intelligence, and went on to study the marine life around him from the point of view of an interested observer. His first book, "Undersea Adventure" (1953), was a report of his activities as a diver of this type, together with a general account of the many animals one is likely to encounter in the sea. Inevitably it was unsatisfactory because his explorations, in the sense of physical adventure, did not compare with those of the pioneer group, and were of the kind within the reach of any man able to purchase the equipment and free to spend a few hours at a time at a suitable location close to shore. The novelty of the experience for the individual in this case was not enough when communicated to the reader.

Diolé is primarily a writer, though broadly educated and with a zest for action. He is not a naturalist, except for the upsurge of interest that his first seasons of diving created, and his account of marine life could never have been written by one. To many biologists his first book seemed offensive because of its emotional, anthropocentric, and anthropomorphic outlook.

In his new book, "4,000 Years Under the Sea," he has found himself. The writer and the man are one. He is no longer the shallow water undersea tourist but a man with a serious purpose, now dedicated so that no amount of cold, mud, or filth is able to discourage his solitary exploration of the Mediterranean coastline for traces and details of long-lost or forgotten harbors and the trade they were built for. He has become the marine archeologist for that inland sea, a pioneer by virtue of default, since trained archeologists appear reluctant to become free divers, although it is far easier for them to do so than for a diver to become an archeologist. Diolé, however, may well be the exception, for he has woven together odds and ends of personal and vicarious observation with what is known of the maritime trade of the early Roman Empire and of earlier times, in such a way that the reader is entranced. The older Mediterranean civilization begins to come to life through these first steps in the exploration of man's own work along the now submerged margin in an exciting way. His book is fascinating and authentic.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The Man in the Cage

"Break Down the Walls," by John Bartlow Martin *(Ballantine Books, 319 pp. Clothbound, $3.50. Paperbound, 50c) and* ***"Assignment: Prison Riots," by Peg and Walter McGraw*** *(Henry Holt, 270 pp. $3.95), describe recent prison uprisings and analyze the penological and sociological conditions that caused them. The two books are reviewed below by Walter M. Wallack, warden of Wallkill Prison, Wallkill, N.Y., president of the American Prison Association and a member of its committee to study prison riots.*

By Walter M. Wallack

USUALLY prison riots descend upon us in waves, sweeping not only the length and breadth of our own country, but also reverberating on foreign soil. Axiomatically there follows a wave of literature dealing with prison riots and the causes of prisoner unrest. Newspapers headline the day-to-day events. Magazines rush articles into print while the subject is timely. Radio and television present their versions. Novelists glamorize the picture, and often, perhaps unwittingly, distort the issues. Unfortunately, prison workers rarely have the time to do more than write for or speak to anyone save their own co-workers. Their recommendations are usually beyond the knowledge and interest of the public and fail to make much of an impression.

Thus it is auspicious that there are writers of the caliber of John Bartlow Martin ("Break Down the Walls") and Peg and Walter McGraw ("Assignment: Prison Riots"), who can make reportorial and documentary writing fascinating enough to attract the general reader. It is also gratifying that these writers have taken the time to investigate their sources of material in spite of the necessity for striking while the iron is hot. Public interest in prisons is a fickle thing, coinciding with the spectacular aspects of the subject, and cannot stand the strain of elapsing time.

Mr. Martin gives a brief history of prisons since their inception 150 years ago. He describes in detail the riot at Jackson Prison in 1952, the principals involved, not only the rioters but also the top brass, the political involvements, personnel, and ineptness of management. He also discusses riots in other prisons. He contrasts the Federal prisons with the various state prisons, and observes that prisons are not the answer to our crime problem. He believes that prisons are not rehabilitating men, but instead are guaranteeing more problems in the future. One could wish, without much hope, that Martin's book would impress the general reader and, as well, the law-maker, the courts, prison administrators, the legislators holding the purse-strings, and governors regulating policy. His reference to the Committee on Riots of the American Prison Association contained one error. There is at least one member of the Committee who was in charge of an institution "as small as 500" inmates. This reviewer happens to be that member.

Mr. Martin deals at length with the causes of crime. He deplores what he calls the hypocrisy of the "rehabilitation program" as practised in prisons today. He says, unfairly in this reviewer's opinion, that "the Warden never wonders whether the classification program, the educational and vocational programs are rehabilitative. They exist and they are said to be rehabilitative. To the warden, abolishing the lash or closing up the Hole or cleaning a dirty kitchen or getting rid of slop buckets—that is prison reform (and therefore must promote rehabilitation)." This reviewer takes exception to such generalities. There are many correctional workers who have advanced beyond the slop-bucket stage.

"Assignment: Prison Riots" is a book that grew out of a radio assignment given Peg and Walter McGraw at the time of the Trenton and Jackson riots. They have done a conscientious job of reporting their research, which covered a period of months and a sweep of the country. Their report is written in a fast-moving pattern and there are many interesting stories of inmates and ex-inmates that will captivate the reader. Such parts of the stories which were doubted by even the McGraws still make good reading and will serve to throw light on the nature of some of the problems faced by the courts, the prisons, and the parole boards.

It is to be regretted that the McGraws found themselves at cross-purposes with Commissioner Bates in New Jersey. Sanford Bates, whether one agrees with him or not, has been a prime mover in advocating good penology for many years, and his contributions have been significant. The McGraws judged him under duress and with reference only to one facet of his job in New Jersey. These writers were out to get a story.

The authors of both books have

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Acme.*

End of the "Jackson Mutiny"—"interest in prisons is a fickle thing."

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Death and the Rhyme

"Undercliff," by Richard Eberhart *(Oxford University Press. 127 pp. $4), its author's seventh volume of verse, brings together work written between 1946 and 1953.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

POETRY, Richard Eberhart has said, should be exciting. In his own poems, as his latest volume, "Undercliff," makes clear, Richard Eberhart is as good as his word. He remains an "uneven" poet, certainly; but how unexciting an even poet can be! And if the wild horses of the unconscious sometimes run away with the bit between their teeth—well, too tight a rein would never suit Eberhart's purposes, any more than it would have served his "most master," William Blake.

The results of Eberhart's stance are romantic, and the poems he has written during the last eight years display them fully. "Reality! Reality! What Is It?" for example, is charged with strangeness and an agony that has an oddly triumphant sound—the sound of "one sentient, yet a prisoner, clashing Thy / Cymbal in the gliding sound of my dying." Mystery defeats the apparent limits of mortality as "the secret voices of the grave" speak out in "Wisdom." In poem after poem the poet goes seeking—and finding—clues to the surreality behind appearances.

Take "Indian Pipe," with which the book opens. Deceptively simple, still it is more than (as well as) what the dust-wrapper calls it, a "lovely lyric." For this flower by the stream, "gentler than a rose," has a warning for us:

> Red man's pipe is now a ghost
> Whispering to beware.
> Hinting of the savage host
> Once that travelled there.
> Perfume frail as air.

If this hinted reality is menacing, that behind "the shine that's on a tree" has the romantic exaltation:

> Be wild aware of light unseen,
> And unheard song along the air.

But the poem that follows, "What If Remembrance?" goes beyond, or counter to, Wordsworth. Eberhart, less sanguine than the First Romantic (see Wordsworth's familiar "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal"), wonders:

> What if remembrance should
> come
> Into the earth of my brain
> And all my being plumb
> Again
> Pain?

He is haunted by thoughts of death —especially in "Sometimes the longing for death" and in "To My Son, Aged Four," with its question, "And what is the whole of life / But a drowning in the act of swimming?" But he embraces death and pain, and fear too, as necessary parts of life. In "The Human Being Is a Lonely Creature," the poet writes:

> It is borne in upon me that pain
> Is essential. The bones refuse to
> act.
> Recalcitrancy is life's fine flower.
> The human being is a lonely crea-
> ture.
>
> Fear is of the essence. You do not
> fear?
> I say you lie. Fear is the truth of
> time.

And in "The Book of Nature" he compresses it into a line—"As I was living with the love of death"—which is by no means all-mournful. Only those hate and fear death and the thought of death, who hate and fear life as well.

In the romantic mode, Eberhart's individualism is naked and unashamed; and in contrast to the tormented, metamorphic victims of our age, it rings adventuresome and cheerful. It is almost as if the great age of the individual were beginning all over again, instead of fighting for its life:

> O do not think to lose yourself
> O do not wish to escape
> The richness of the individual self
> Or find yourself in another's
> shape.

Because his style is governed so much by the extreme individualism of the unconscious, Eberhart's use of reckless imagery sometimes involves him (and his reader) in blind-alley surrealism. Where sudden twists and turns bring one smack-up against blank walls of private imagery, bafflement rather than mystery is the result. Or, to employ Emerson's conceit—the stairway of surprise is there, but we do not mount by it. Which is to say, that there is a limit even to the degree of non-understanding to be expected of a reader.

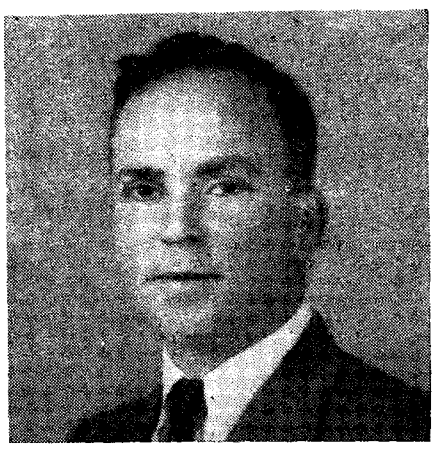
More often, though, he achieves an opaque magnificence, however arbitrary the tropes: "the deep elapses of the soul" and "the mammal water" are two good examples. Again, a succession of such tropes, as in "Chant of the Forked Lightning," builds up to total meaning; the poem as a whole makes its impact; the discrepant metaphors that, heaped up, have managed this effect, may be savored separately by the connoisseur.

Despite complications of meaning, however, the words themselves are, for the most part, without guile. In this Eberhart follows Blake again; the last stanza of Eberhart's "The Book of Nature," for example, sounds very much like that earlier original:

> Then God provided an answer
> Out of the overwhelming skies
> and years
> And wrath and judgment then
> and there
> Shook out the human tears.

Yet, because Eberhart and Blake are so compatible, this turns out to be neither pastiche nor parody.

Chiefly in the seeming naivete of the style does one perceive the resemblance. Its welcome freshness at the same time reminds us that sophistication is the enemy of the purest poetry. The late and truly lamented Dylan Thomas, of whom one is also reminded, was likewise unafraid of looking at things as if neither he nor anyone else had ever seen them before—or as if, supposing somebody had, he was content to go his destined way just the same—with a snap of his lyrical fingers (a twinkle of his metrical feet!). As the best poets always are. . . .



Richard Eberhart—"a twinkle of feet."

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A Scholar-Poet

"The Old Bateau and Other Poems," by David McCord *(Little, Brown, 54 pp. $2.75), collects in a small volume the most recent work of a poet known also for his verse for children and satiric verse for adults.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

DAVID McCORD is a happy combination of scholar and poet, a man with an astounding scope and range of intellectual and scientific interests coupled with emotional perception and warm awareness. The more than twenty books he has written and edited include serious poetry of a high order, witty and satiric light verse, and delightful poems for children in which the child's world is recreated with humor and tenderness and vivid clarity, never with archness or veiled adult condescension. "The Old Bateau and Other Poems" is a collection of his recent work, and it has the poet's characteristic distinction of content and craftsmanship. It is "serious" poetry, leavened with wit and the ability to expose with subtlety the ridiculous or the pretentious aspects of our times, to make a point with dry understatement, to bring us up short with an unexpected and yet inevitable conclusion. Mr. McCord is quick to observe human foibles, and somewhat merciless in his ability to expose them in a few revelatory phrases, but he is charitably tolerant except with crassness or insincerity or stupidity. For these his dagger is out. Yeats's line: "There's not a fool can call me friend" applies very well to this poet, too, I think.

There are some lovely short lyrics, notably the title poem, with its evocation of a vanished time, and "Transcontinental, 1910" in which a child's comprehension of the significance of an experience is simply and poignantly portrayed. And a quatrain with magic in it:

> I know four words with names
> like some strange tune:
> Chinook, sirocco, khamsin and
> monsoon.
> Like water over pebbles in Lost
> Brook,
> Sirocco, monsoon, khamsin, and
> chinook.

(I know another enchanting word, Mr. McCord: "mistral." Can you use it?)

And there is a soliloquy by Edward Lear's cat, Foss. Mr. McCord is, incidentally, an authority on Lear,

—John Brook

David McCord—"stature and integrity."

and if anyone knows what Old Foss, in his seventeenth year, remembered and observed, he is the man.

There is a series of descriptive and epigrammatic four-line tributes to some thirteen American artists. And included in the book is the long poem "Poet Always Next but One" which was the Phi Beta Kappa poem at William and Mary College in 1950 and which received the William Rose Benét Memorial Award in 1951. Its rather cryptic title refers to the future poet of America, the great one almost here, whose heritage is the tremendous, complex, terrible, and beautiful web of our time, and whose always imminent coming this poem invokes.

"The Old Bateau and Other Poems" is the work of a poet of stature and integrity. And it is a rewarding and satisfying book to read and to return to.

Notes

AUSTERE FIESTA: Babette Deutsch's latest achievement in an honorable and honored career as poet, critic of poetry, biographer of poets, and translator of poems is—a book of poems. The poems in **"Animal, Vegetable, Mineral"** (Dutton, $2.75) are, for the most part, "exaltation in the midst of death." Or in her own concise description, "an austere fiesta."

Probably Robert Frost would agree in finding the true stuff of poetry in this. He wrote once (he was talking of Edwin Arlington Robinson, but he might well have taken his text from the work of Babette Deutsch), "What I like is griefs. . . . Grievances are a sort of impatience. Griefs are a form of patience. . . . I suppose there is no use in asking, but I should think we might be indulged to the extent of having grievances restricted to prose if prose will accept the imposition, and leaving poetry free to go its way in tears."

Without the exuberance of some other good poets, good in their way, Miss Deutsch, then, treats of "griefs, not grievances" (at this stage in her writing life, at any rate). She does so usually with an air as of "after serious consideration" which can be as effective as it is grave—though sometimes, if the whole truth be told, the compassion gets its strength from the subject, not the style.

Excellence is here—in "Bull," a good *croquis*; "Chinchilla Ranch," delicate, exactly perceptive; "Interlude"; "Nike" (the classical title reminds one of the poet's possession of intensity and economy, those classical virtues); "String Quartet," subtly woven; "Ballade," the poet as craftsman; "Nuns," a crystalline equation; "Paradigm"; "Letter to Wallace Stevens," good pinpointing; "Homage to John Skelton." . . . It adds up. —G. P. M.

RURAL REFLECTIONS: "On Going to Live in New Hampshire" (Wake-Brook House, Sanbornville, N. H., $2.50) is Paul Scott Mowrer's fourth book of verse, a craft which he has pursued intermittently during a long and distinguished career, as newspaperman, war correspondent, and political analyst. It is, not surprisingly, the work of a man with a wide range of interests and a considerable background of experience. The poems range from philosophical and "occasional" sonnets and lyrics to light verse and satirical epigrams.

The author has now retired from active journalism to rural New Hampshire, and, as the title suggests, many of the poems celebrate with undisguised satisfaction the joys of pastoral retreat. Mr. Mowrer writes with zest and warm feeling, and the poems which so heartily endorse all country pleasures will find a response in like-minded readers.

The Wake-Brook press has issued the book in a very attractive format, hand bound, in a limited, numbered edition. —S. H. H.

MODERN ELIZABETHAN: "The Glass of Perseus," by Wesley Trimpi (Allan Swallow, $2), ninth in the New Poetry Series, presents a poet who is rather traditional in technique. Leaning toward the Elizabethan metaphysicians and the formal conventions of English poetry, Mr. Trimpi still maintains a contemporary note by giving his classical imagery a modern implication. "The Betrothal" has something of Donne's elaborate subtlety; "An Epilogue" the dignity and grace of the classic tradition translated to our times. If these poems do not startle us with any new and vigorous poetic impact, they speak with a quiet and thoughtful eloquence and charm.

—S. H. H.

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We Will Not Be Betrayed

THE apparent chaos in the literary world is a reflection of the vast changes which human society is undergoing in this generation. The novelist believes that he should not only be an entertainer but an instructor, a philosopher, a student of history, a prophet, or at least an intellectual of one sort or another. Time has taken wings, and we do not know what life will be like for our children in the next twenty years, or dare not conceive what part their children will play in the first years of the twenty-first century. It is not now within the realm of the novel to soar into the distant future, with the exception of a "science fiction" that deals with the development of machines and leaves humanity exactly where it is. But voyages to the galactic clusters are already beginning to bore their readers; the creatures who inhabit the Milky Way, however hideous, seem to be living in static forms of Communism. Ancient civilizations of the empyrean, watching the progressively wicked and destructive development of human society and waiting to send down to destroy the spectacle, are as out of date as last year's newspaper.

We will have to find the material for the writer in contemporary humanity, and it is not impossible that we may find it in offering a little hope for the embattled people who have the good fortune to be living in the year 1954. There are facts apparent today that might give us relief from our obsessive nightmares. There must be two sides to every coin and two sides to every speculation about the ability of human society to survive. There is a great deal of common sense in the minds of quite ordinary human beings, who are, to use only one example, chided by the press because they have not expressed the right amount of hysteria when they discovered the potential for complete destruction in the hydrogen bomb, with or without a neat overcoat of cobalt; or in the ultimate horror of what is known as germ warfare, which might destroy all life on this planet. For no one *believes* that the rulers of any country are so insane that they do not know that their own country would be destroyed along with the enemy's.

It is also obvious that in spite of two world wars and a world-wide depression in the last forty years the lot of the two-and-a-half billion people on the earth has improved in the most astonishing manner. That we are now faced with a divided world in which the Western and the Eastern hemispheres contain antagonistic solutions for world peace does not alter the fact that, though man is a belligerent animal, he is still endowed with reason, and reason tells him, whether he is Russian, British, German, Chinese, or American, that he does not want and cannot afford another world war.

A century ago if specimens of *homo sapiens* were asked what they wanted most the answers would be practical. Surely they would have asked for more food, better housing, mass education, fewer hours of toil, more comfort in the long winters, better health, and longer life. In many countries they would have demanded freedom, and some measure of security in their daily lives. They would have asked that a fifth of all mothers should not die in childbirth, and that 10 per cent of their children should not die in their first year. They would have asked more from life, and an end to the epidemics that swept human beings to death like a remorseless tidal wave, and finally they might have asked for more pleasure and joy in their leisure time. All but the last demand has been given to the more advanced nations of the world in this short space of time, though millions of men killed in two wars might curse a civilization that had not yet given mankind hope for peace.

IT is one of the ineradicable faults of human beings that they view the past with rose-tinted glasses, see no virtue in the present, and survey the immediate future with skepticism. It has been partly the fault of our writers who have presented the Crusades as a thrilling spectacle, or the eternal wars that swept over Europe, with their doughty knights in armor and their men-at-arms cheerfully slaughtering each other in purposeless battles. But while wars have continued there has been less cruelty and less indifference to suffering between man and man, woman and woman. For example, a century ago hospitals were charnel houses, presenting a spectacle no one could endure today.

The reader may summon up the specter of Hitler and the savagery of Communist Russia's secret police. Nevertheless, it is true that we are on the whole more sensitive to the sufferings of dumb beasts and our fellow man. We have gained, perhaps, that much indulgence from Heaven. We are witnessing today, in spite of our fears, a time when the future is as black as a thunder cloud, and at the same time it is illuminated by hope. We must measure our chances for survival by the greatness of man's recent accomplishments and have faith that in the years to come we will not be betrayed. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER

APROPOS OF Jerome Spingarn's article "Newspapers and the Pursuit of Justice" [*SR* April 3], a recent incident in Canada throws some light on the difference between the attitude of American and Canadian courts on this question of "trial by newspaper." Several months ago, a Canadian court at Cornwall, Ontario, a small city about fifty miles from Montreal, imposed a heavy fine of several thousand dollars on the Fawcett Publications in New York City for running several articles in one of their crime mystery magazines on a current murder case there which was in the process of trial.

In the opinion of this court, these articles, which had a wide circulation in Canada, tended to prejudice the members of the jury in their evaluation of the evidence presented in the case. Fawcett Publications were apparently amazed by this court action, since they had never run up against any incidents of this type in connection with murder trials in the United States.

It is noteworthy that the majority of Canadian newspapers supported the action of the Canadian courts in this affair and did not consider this fine as a blow to the freedom of the press. Although the sentence might be considered to be unduly severe in some quarters, it shows that the Canadian courts are making definite efforts to cope with this type of evil.

W. E. GREENING.

Montreal, Can.

A PROPOSED FUND FOR EXILED WRITERS

WHILE MOUNTAINS OF MONEY are being spent on technical preparations to resist all forms of Soviet imperialism, with hopes of enlarging eventually the borders of freedom, very little in proportion is being devoted to the cultivation and development of even more important weapons for the future. They consist of creative talents which have the capacity to "appeal to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom . . . and therefore more permanently enduring," as Joseph Conrad has said. Men possessed of the art to bring out and stress "the solidarity which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity" deserve certainly more care and attention than it is customary to accord them in our civilization. The case of contemporary Central European writers who due to the tragic circumstances of our time have been condemned to live in exile dramatizes this point in full.

For despite some noteworthy efforts and exceptions, most writers from countries now behind the Iron Curtain, cut off from a potential of many millions of their readers, fail to find a substitute for their loss in the free Western world. As a result, they are either reduced to poverty or have to find some such work in which they certainly cannot make use of their natural gifts nor experiences. Yet judging, for instance, by the history of the Polish emigration of the nineteenth century, literature produced in exile was destined to enjoy a tremendous success and influence with later generations of Poles in their homeland.

It should be sound to suppose, therefore, that most of the writers in exile dispose of a potential of huge future royalties for writings already produced and published, but forbidden now to reach the bulk of their readers. One day —assuming that the Iron Curtain will eventually be lifted—the material which they may have difficulty in marketing now will bring them, or their heirs, quite a substantial sum of money. Instead of relying on the embarrassment of subsidies, reluctantly offered to a few of them and withdrawn more easily than obtained, a fund should be established to permit them to draw a modest monthly sum against future royalties.

Since most of our military expenditures represent something in the nature of an unreturnable insurance premium against the danger of an aggression, money advanced toward the proposed fund could be considered a "calculated risk" investment, with dividends depending on the final outcome of our struggle for world leadership with Russia.

The establishment of such a fund in America would be interpreted throughout the world as an act of faith and confidence in the free future development of all the countries concerned.

ALEXANDER JANTA.

Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DESERTION OF PRIVATE SLOVIK

AFTER READING William Bradford Huie's "The Execution of Private Slovik," I must take issue both with the author and with the sympathetic review by Gordon Harrison [*SR* April 24].

The story of Private Slovik is indeed a moving one when embellished with a lengthy digression about Slovik's past. But once the story is returned to its proper framework two protagonists clearly emerge. On the one hand there is honor, duty, and country; and on the other is an Army private who admitted he was bent on desertion from his duty to defend his fellow soldiers and his nation in time of war. I am convinced Huie has ignored the former in deference to a desire to tell the story of the latter.

Honor, duty, and country have heretofore been lodestars for the United States Army in its successful defense of the rights and freedoms of Americans. To mitigate their importance, as Huie has seen fit to do, seems highly questionable to me.

RICHARD S. ISRAEL.

San Francisco, Calif.

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Seeing Things

YESTERDAYS THAT ARE STILL TODAYS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following appears as the Introduction to "Early in the Morning," a recollection of childhood by Marion Edey, just published by Harper & Brothers.*

CHILDHOOD is a magical and boundaryless area in time. Although all of us have passed through it, very few of us can find our way back to it. Most writers, writing about children or their own youth, are unable to do so. The years have built a wall around that distant world of wonder and discovery. Even when authors try to persuade themselves—and us—that they have found an opening in that wall, they soon make it clear they might as well have stayed outside. Childhood has become not only an alien land to them but also a lost language which they speak haltingly, with the foreign accent of adults.

Marion Edey is an exception. Did Wordsworth in his thirties, remembering his early years, lament that "The things which I have seen I now can see no more"? Mrs. Edey in her seventies still sees the Maypole she and her brother Noel built, not as the wilted reality it was to the elders asked to admire it, but "glorious" as "it was meant to be." This disparity between the hope and the fact is one of the barriers at which writers are usually stopped when they seek to invade the realm of the young.

Mrs. Edey encounters no such difficulties. She relives her childhood as if the long-ago yesterdays were still todays, vivid in their sensory experiences and excitingly uncertain in the wonders they will offer. The past is present to her and she makes it present to us. She moves into it as easily as if she were walking into the next room, blessedly unaware that there is a threshold to be crossed or a door to be opened. And we follow her, knowing it is her house we are in yet feeling that it is ours too.

There is a reason for this. Mrs. Edey has written not one book but two, and both of them good. Her "Early in the Morning" is charming as a period piece and no less enchanting as a timeless chronicle of childhood. Mrs. Edey's, to be sure, was a very privileged and special childhood. Not all children have known happiness, and certainly not the unfettered happiness that the young Marion and her brother Noel enjoyed. Not all children even among the "country-living" have been given the run of a place so rich in its freedoms and delights as Danskammer, that farm some sixty-five miles from New York on the west bank of the Hudson. It had everything to offer in the way of life, both wild and tame, including a half-mile frontage on the river and its own lighthouse.

Not all children in 1890 were brought up in such joyous simplicity and knew such comforts. Few even then had parents who were close friends of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and John La Farge. But Marion and Noel Armstrong were uncommonly lucky. They were lucky in the great zest they brought to living; lucky in where and how they lived; and lucky in being born into an old and distinguished New York family.

That the two children loved their father and mother, and with cause, is clear on every page. Quite rightly, however, since childhood is Mrs. Edey's subject, all the adults in "Early in the Morning" are on the periphery of her narrative. "Mamma" and "Papa" are taken for granted, as parents are in happy families. Nonetheless they are there, warm though shadowy, symbols of security, arbiters of behavior, judges to settle disputes, fountains of information. Also on the sidelines are other members of a large family and such indispensable contributors to the farm and household as Martha, the Irish cook, Barney, the hired man, and Mrs. Dilloway, the washwoman, fascinating to Marion and Noel because of having one brown eye and one blue.

But, next to themselves, nature is what matters most in this account of the growing up of a sister and a brother (two years younger) who were companions in discovery. The New York that once was—the New York of the horsecars, when Tiffany and Brentano's were on Union Square; the New York where kids could still climb onto the back of the Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s wagon to snatch a nice lump, or spend a blissful Saturday afternoon being terrified by the wax horrors of the Eden Musée—is vividly sketched by Mrs. Edey. Even

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so, the country is always tugging at her heart and Noel's, and she makes it tug at ours. It is at Danskammer where the two young Armstrongs tasted life to the fullest. No beast, insect, tree, flower, bird, river sight, or country smell escapes them: and dogs, horses, cows, chickens, turtles, kittens, snakes, and skunks take on a reality that humans cannot claim.

Few authors I have read observe nature so well in both its smallest details and its great seasonal changes. Few have Mrs. Edey's fully alerted senses and can so quickly evoke a scene. For her the bow of a Hudson River steamboat splits "the water in a mustache of foam." The nose of Midget, her pony, is "soft and damp and smooth as moleskin." To her nostrils the earthy fragrance of the first anemones is "so faint that after prolonged sniffing you have to turn away your head for a minute to get 'a fresh nose'." Her perceptions are as young, tingling, and fresh as youth itself. Even in the fitfulness with which her recollections turn from one subject to another she captures the restlessness of a child's mind.

In addition to writing humorously and graphically about a vanished period, Mrs. Edey re-creates without sentimentality what is enduring in childhood. When she writes of pressing one's eyeballs so as to see the most beautiful of colors, of the pleasure of squeezing blisters in fresh paint, the deliciousness of brown sugar heaped on toast of one's own making, the discomfort of swallowing a bee ("I didn't want to," says Noel. "I was running and he just came in"), the eagerness to believe innocent men in a rowboat are river pirates, or the scientific spirit which prompts Noel to take a big pin to church in order to test the statement that you can hear a pin drop during the sermon, Mrs. Edey touches upon experiences any child either has had or could have had.

Childhood, of course, is only a radiant second in the long-short minute of life. It leaves us without our being aware that it is slipping away. There is no stopping shades of the prison-house when they begin to close. Inevitably they close on Marion and Noel. The dreaded and severing autumn comes when the two children, very much against their will, are to be taken to New York and school. This autumn marks an end which finds a symbol in Downy, Noel's pet woodpecker of the year before. The bird hears the familiar whistle, hesitates, then perches again though only for an instant on the boy's head, and flies away.

Marion in New York was to realize she was grown up, "something she had tried to avoid." In Noel's phrase, "their world was a pretty nice place to live in." As Mrs. Edey writes about it, their childhood is a delectable place for readers to live in too.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Revenant

By Florence Ripley Mastin

ON steps of light I climb the mountainy land
Where winter passes up and down and over . . .
Among the icy trees I stand
And pray the moon to shine across the lawn
That I may see the old house in her shawl
Of silver, and the chestnut's spires of snow,
And the twelve-paned windows watching as I go
Softly to the closed door . . .
Softly passing through,
I see the stairs climbing the well of dark,
And the lamp burning as it used to do . . .
It is as though a smile had spoken
Within the house and the ash had broken
On the hearth into words of flame
That speak my name, that speak my name . . .

Your silken step is in the hall
Suddenly pausing . . . Are you listening
For a lighter sound than the soundless fall
of snow? Like a taper in the air
Swaying, flickering, are you aware?
Winter drifts in along the gusty floor,
But *spring is green, morning is at the door.*

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TV AND RADIO

Two-and-a-Half Cheers for TV-USA

ON THE principle that distance lends enchantment, television behind the Iron Curtain ought to appear utterly splendid to us, British TV merely faultless, and Canadian only a shade better than our own. I've experienced the British and Canadian versions and have also been getting recent reports on them; TV in the Soviet Union has been mysterious to me until recently when Edward Crankshaw wrote a thoughtful essay in the London *Observer* (reprinted in the New York *Herald Tribune*). I'm afraid we'll have to alter the maxim; following in the path of E. M. Forster, I want to give two and a half cheers for U.S. commercial television.

In Canada last year I frequently took part in a program called "Fighting Words," a combination of "Who Said That?" and the British "Brains Trust." After the panel had identified or failed to name the author of a quotation ("Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," for instance) a free and easy discussion of the idea followed. The quotes were not always abstractions and the talk was often vigorous, because even an eighteenth-century dictum about the venality of the press could be brought down to contemporary instances. When I canvassed the possibility of making this a U.S.-Canadian program I was warned that in Canada, at least, it could not carry a commercial because the CBC ruling is that "controversial programs" cannot have sponsors. Controversy, which includes the discussion of ideas, is consequently limited to those programs that the CBC itself produces, and this in turn means that bold incisive commentary on the news is the exception and that during political campaigns everyone is on the alert, not for ideas, but for possible failures in mathematical impartiality.

It must be twenty years now since I began to hear, from some British friends, that our radio talks were superior to theirs—in range, in freedom of expression, in timeliness, in salt and savor. I used to put this down to the same function of distance noted above and have only recently discovered that a specific ruling by the BBC prevents discussion of certain important matters or delays such discussion until the matters are no longer important. The rule is that *no subject may be discussed on the BBC radio or television programs if that subject is coming before Parliament within the next ten to fourteen days.*

By custom, notice is often given of the time when certain bills will be taken up or other matters discussed in the House of Commons. The moment such notice is made public, scheduled programs bearing on it must be eliminated from the broadcasting schedule. This happened a few months ago when a panel discussion of the Berlin conference was announced in the morning and canceled by nightfall. A TV documentary on the subject of superhighways had to be delayed until the Commons were through discussing the topic. The astute critic of *The New Statesman and Nation*, William Salter, congratulates the BBC for inserting "an excerpt from Mr. Ed Murrow's devastating television program on Senator McCarthy" into its schedule the moment the kinescope arrived; this, he says, "was behaving as a television service should . . . a free agent, free to comment and expose as it thought fit." Mr. Salter then points out that all this enterprise and freedom was possible only because the subject concerned another country. In Britain itself all sorts of obstacles make this sort of controversial reporting impossible. We are accustomed to the excision of a segment of a TV kinescope because someone protests against the politics of a dancer; in England whole items of news are thrown out under political pressure.

Mr. Salter cites the case of the Boy Scout who was also a member of the Young Communist League. Neither he nor the Boy Scout Association appeared on a weekly news roundup, because an MP heard from his district and protested to the BBC. And Mr. Salter says:

> For a serious newspaper not to discuss an important issue simply because it was about to be debated in Parliament would be regarded as an act of monstrous irresponsibility; and not much would be thought of an allegedly independent newspaper that cut out an interview with a person in the news because a local MP had complained.

How much simpler life is under the hammer and sickle! The hammer descends on the heads of the recalcitrant, the sickle cuts down the feet of those who wander into forbidden paths. Mr. Crankshaw tells us that TV in Russia "is an instrument of propaganda of almost terrifying potency." He also tells us that a great deal of TV-viewing is communal—in the central hall of an apartment house, in the town hall of a small community—and this, I should guess, makes the propaganda even more effective. For who dares snicker at an official windbag if the man in the next seat may be a spy?

The chief interest of Mr. Crankshaw's report is that the USSR is also using TV for general education, that it is probably ahead of the West in handling color, and that its dramatic productions are, in his estimate, superior to our own. As Mr. Crankshaw lists the direct transmission or filmed records of plays from the stage as one of the spectacular modes of production, I do not take this last evaluation too seriously; he does, however, suggest that Russian television directors are as enthusiastic and enterprising as the movie makers of the 1920's—and this should give us pause.

This report on other lands is written in the week of the "low-rating" McCarthy-Army broadcasts during which NBC dropped its coverage because the cost was too high considering the relative lack of interest shown by the public. CBS, committed to many daytime serials, hadn't even started to transmit the hearings. I admit to serious doubts here, primarily a doubt as to the contract the broadcasters have with the FCC—and the public. Does the public interest *require* them to broadcast these hearings? Doesn't it? It is a nice question and might well be debated. But at least we know this: Dumont and ABC *are* continuing the coverage. In other lands the very thought of such broadcasts might be treasonable.

Nothing said above is to be construed as an attack on the broadcasting habits of any friendly power. My criticism is of a single facet of broadcasting—and is incomplete at that. I might, for instance, mention, that the subject of a rival commercial network was widely discussed on the BBC stations—whereas the propriety of having sponsors for our own Presidential conventions and the inauguration was never once mentioned on the air. I am, as I said, giving only two and a half cheers for our own system—but those I give with a will.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

M. Sartre's "Dirty Hands"

HOLLYWOOD has produced any number of anti-Communist movies in the past few years, but never one so quietly effective as the French film adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's **"Dirty Hands."** The reason, one suspects, is not because the Hollywood people aren't sincerely opposed to Communism; they simply don't know as much about it as M. Sartre. Where the West Coast efforts run to variations on the cops-and-robbers kind of melodrama, the Sartre play (it was seen on Broadway a few seasons ago as "Red Gloves") calmly and with almost surgical precision exposes the anatomy of Communism today. Sharp, perceptive, ironic, and witty, it tests the Communists' underlying contention that "the end justifies the means"—and turns their argument against them.

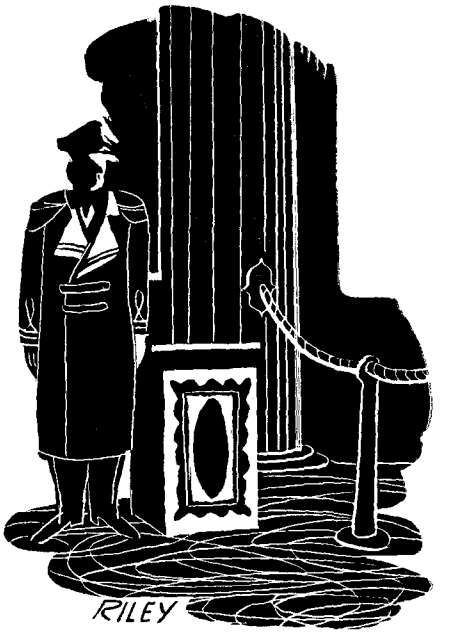
The film, set in an unspecified Central European country toward the end of World War II, presents Daniel Gelin as the idealistic son of a wealthy industrialist who joins the Communist Party to fight Nazism and the social injustice he sees on every hand. Since he wants to play an active role, his leader assigns him as secretary to Hoederer (Pierre Brasseur), the head of the Party, with orders to assassinate the man. Hoederer believes that his Party should join forces with the conservatives against the Nazis (then throw them to the Red Army at the moment of liberation); the leader believes that this will compromise the Party and lose members. But the young man soon finds himself drawn involuntarily to Hoederer, a practical politician, shrewd, and, as he himself readily admits, "with hands dirty to the elbows"—but also humane and very human. Gelin is unable to budge him with his idealistic arguments, nor can he bring himself to kill the man. When he finally does shoot Hoederer it is not out of idealism but because he finds him making love to his wife.

Two years later, released from prison for his *crime passionelle*, Gelin discovers that his old leader is now head of the Party, pursuing the very line that Hoederer once had advocated. And the Party is waiting to discover if he is still "idealistic" or willing to accept Party policy without question before they accept him again.

All of this is developed with a lucidity and intellectual excitement all too rare in films. In fact, if there is any serious weakness in "Dirty Hands" as a film it stems from this wondrous ability of each character to verbalize, to articulate so clearly and precisely his point of view. Not that the dialogue isn't fascinating to listen to; Sartre can dissect an idea, reduce it to its essentials, and then permit each of his people to polish one facet of it in a manner strikingly reminiscent of Shaw. But, as in Shaw's plays, the characters rarely develop as human beings. They remain the highly vocal instruments of the author's argument. Despite splendid performances from Gelin, Brasseur, and Claude Nollier as a girl comrade unequivocally devoted to The Cause, "Dirty Hands" is primarily a play of ideas. The remarkable thing is that Sartre himself seems to have turned a deaf ear to his own cogent analysis of Communist opportunism.

* * *

In **"The Moment of Truth,"** a French film starring Jean Gabin and Michele Morgan, Gabin plays a doctor called in on a suicide case the evening of the tenth anniversary of his marriage. In the man's apartment he finds his wife's photograph, cigarettes, and brooch, all attesting to an acquaintance consideraby more than casual. The remainder of the film is a long series of flashbacks in which the radiant Mlle. Morgan tries to explain to her husband how she found it possible to love two men at one time. A consummate actress, she makes it all seem quite logical, though the effect is somewhat cheapened when the script provides the husband with an extra-marital affair as well. As is so often the case in French films, the settings (especially the doctor's office and the artist's studio) are extremely convincing and untidy. . . . Also from France is **"Pit of Loneliness,"** written for the screen by Colette and directed by her sister, Jacqueline Audry. Their collaboration is less than successful. Colette has constructed this hot-house story, filled with fevered hints at perversion in a fashionable finishing school at the turn of the century, in a series of short, choppy scenes that invariably break off before they are fairly started: while Jacqueline Audry's direction seems always more concerned with individual shots than with the smooth, integrated development of her scenes. It is a film bristling with sharp perceptions but lacking in coherence. On the other hand,



Edwige Feuillere as the head mistress reads from the French classics with an elegance and purity of diction that enchants the ear; and Marie-Claire Olivia is fresh and charming as the young schoolgirl who finds herself strangely drawn to her teacher.

* * *

"Ana-Ta-Han" is a curious film. Made in Japan by an American director and based on a Japanese best seller (recently published in this country), it recounts an actual incident from the last war. The crew of a Japanese fishing vessel, their ship sunk after an attack by American planes, make their way to a tiny tropical island on which are living a man and a woman. Before long, possession of the woman looms large in the thoughts of most of them; and in the six years that follow—before American warships are able to convince them that Japan has really lost the war—the continual rivalry for a not unwilling Keiko steadily reduces the company. It's the kind of situation that would delight any storyteller. Unfortunately, Josef von Sterberg is not content merely to tell a story: he insists, through a personally spoken commentary, on underlining every action, pointing each moral, and indulging in frequently sententious philosophizing. "Ana-Ta-Han" is often hauntingly beautiful, filled with lovely, shadowy shots as Keiko darts into the jungle pursued by one lithe lover or another. But even this tends to become a bit repetitious, and before too long one begins to wonder if perhaps the twenty or so shipwrecked sailors didn't pursue something else during their years on the island beside their fickle though fetching "Queen Bee."

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Salome" on NBC-TV, League of Composers

As if to prove that yesterday's sensation is today's commonplace, the NBC-TV Opera Theatre closed its season with a production of Strauss's "Salome" that evaded few of its lurid dramatic details, faced the musical challenge squarely, and integrated both into an hour and a quarter of compelling entertainment. My pick-up of NBC-TV is not ideal, but what came through in black and white (color was not used for this production) was consistently conceived in terms of television, and artfully so.

This was responsible, in the first instance, for the choice of Elaine Malbin to sing the title role. Considering that Miss Malbin comes to mind as the pert Zerlina in a City Center "Don Giovanni" (also the vocally strained "darlin' Aida" of last year's Winter Garden venture), this seemed on the face of it reaching for an effect. But let it be said for Miss Malbin that she had immersed herself so thoroughly in the aura of the part that she came out 99 per cent Salome. No recent Salome has so much suggested the petulant adolescent who turns into a groveling pervert in the space of an hour. She was spared the necessity to pretend she was a dancer, Carmen Gutierrez taking over effectively for the well-designed choreography of John Butler.

Needless to say, Miss Malbin doesn't have a Salome voice, nor was it necessary. The number and proximity of the microphones scattered about the studio kept her audible at almost all times. But she sang the music cleanly, with excellent intonation, a good percentage of clear English enunciation (though words like "mother" and "rather" came out sounding rather prim), and—as the climax approached—with more than a passing amount of vocal coloration. Thanks to Peter Hermann Adler's thoroughly controlled handling of the orchestral score and the resourceful direction of Kirk Browning, Miss Malbin's characterization held together tightly to the end. It was an excellent TV idea to show the dance almost wholly from the view of Herod—which is, of course, as it should be but cannot be in the theatre. The spacious set of William Molyneux gave an illusive idea of a palace court which, again, is difficult in the theatre.

Generally speaking, the other performers were notable for musical quality rather than dramatic effect, though Lorne Sydney was equally apropos in both aspects of the role of Herodias (her enunciation was particularly good). Andrew McKinley's Herod was finely delivered, in tone and word, but this is a difficult part to sustain under the close scrutiny of a camera. Davis Cunnigham was a satisfactory Narraboth and Norman Atkins did well with the music of Jokanaan, which was acted suitably by John Cassavetes (a Carradineish-looking figure in this part).

Not the least pleasure was provided by the rich-toned playing of the orchestral score under Adler's somewhat deliberate but compelling direction. Audio director George Voutsas provided a consistently good mixture of elements, save for the voice of Jokanaan, whose cistern seemed to be rather poorly treated, acoustically. The English translation attributed to Charles Polacheck "and the NBC Opera Department" was good of its kind, though even more of the Oscar Wilde text would have been welcome. If this was a swansong for producer Samuel Chotzinoff, who is rumored to be retiring shortly, it was one that testified to the skill and resourcefulness of the theatrical unit which he has pioneered.

A spring showing of chamber-music fashions in Carnegie Recital Hall under the auspices of the League of Composers indicated that consonance is on the way in, dissonance rather passé. The premieres included a work for harp and string quartet by Alexei Haieff entitled "Eclogue. (Héloise)" commissioned by Samuel Rosenbaum and played by Edna Phillips; a cycle of five songs by William Flanagan on texts of A. E. Housman and bearing the inclusive title of "The Weeping Pleiads"; and the String Quartet No. 8 by Ernst Toch.

Without knowing the purpose of Haieff's title it would be difficult to evaluate the programmatic purpose of his work, but it is skilfully designed for its purpose, full of fanciful musical detail and properly harpy passages. It was well played by Miss Phillips and the New Music Quartet. I was rather more taken by Flanagan's songs (for bass baritone, with flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano background). They have some suggestions of Benjamin Britten, but not enough to diminish esteem for Flanagan's apt sense of prosody, his feeling for epigrammatic musical statement, and relevant tone color. Donald Gramm was the excellent vocalist, equally adept at controlling his voice and the texts with which he was working. The cycle was well received.

Without knowing more of Toch's chamber music than we do, it would be difficult to place his well-written quartet in context. Its mature skill was apparent, also the devotion of the players in preparing an excellent performance. It was followed by Schoenberg's "Harzgewachse," a 1911 setting of a Maeterlinck poem. Marni Nixon was the soprano, with Samuel Baron cueing an ensemble of Howard Lebow, celesta, Herbert Chatzky, harmonium, and Miss Phillips, harp.

—Irving Kolodin.

The Unresolved

By Oliver Hale

ON a day that I suppose,
in a time I apprehend,
will love be as much a rose
at the end, at the end,
(when it vanishes in air,
making even death seem fair
in a print remaining there),
real as one, one that grows?

Time is strewn with lilies' snows,
and my heart despairs to know
will tomorrow be a rose
even so, even so,
(red as love and white as breath
twined in air as in a wreath,
when it is a lilied death),
real as one, one that grows?

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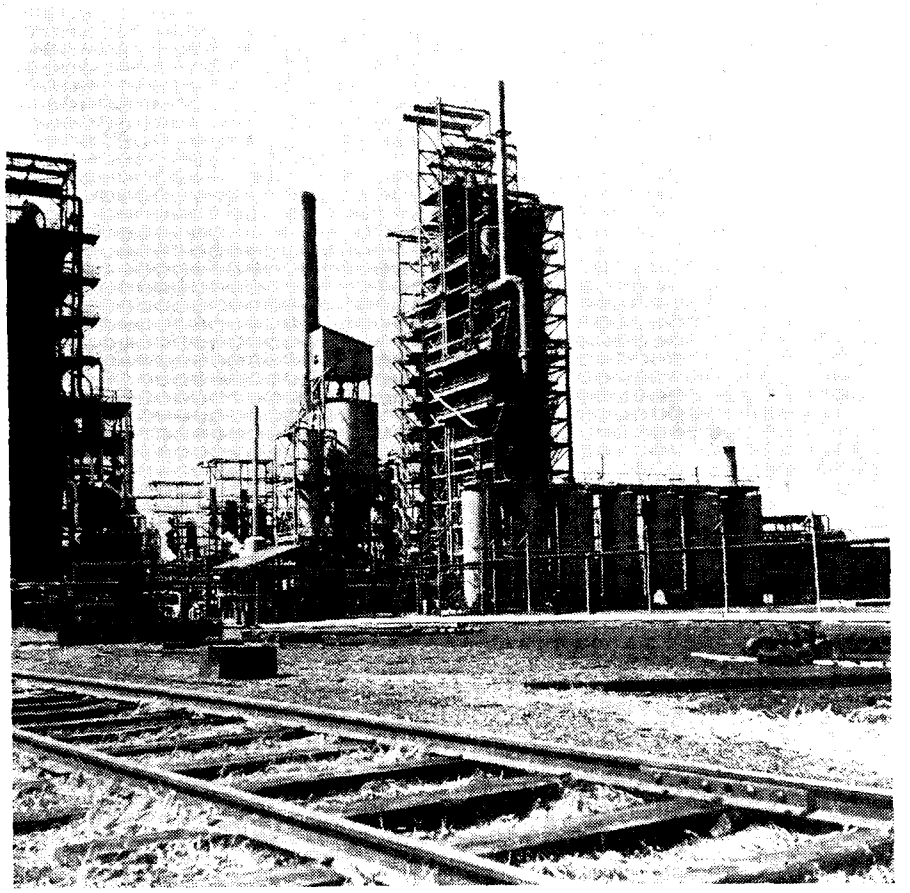

Full view of a "cat cracker" at Bayway. "the world is impoverished by unreason."

Ethics *vs.* the Machine

"American Income and Its Uses," by Elizabeth E. Hoyt, Margaret G. Reid, Joseph M. McConnell, and Janet M. Hooks *(Harper. 362 pp. $4), a volume sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches, is a compendium of studies on the impact of changing economic conditions on our society, with some attempt to expound the need for ethical concepts that will fit changed conditions. Professor John S. Gambs of Hamilton College, who reviews it here, is the author of "Beyond Supply and Demand" and "Man, Money, and Goods."*

By John S. Gambs

THE formulation of economic goals for modern, democratic communities is a haphazard process. Economists disclaim jurisdiction. They study means, not ends; ends imply ethical valuation; and ethics, they say, has no place in their mystery. Government sets some of the goals, of course, and so do the voting dollars of consumers and the cajolery of advertisers. Perhaps the strongest goal-setting force is our cultural heritage which, without reason but with overwhelming power, enjoins Americans not to eat snails or horsemeat, and makes the normal American bride equip her home with a pair of sugar tongs rather than with a Chinese back-scratcher, which would also have the virtue of being nearly useless.

It is probably true that the world is impoverished by the unreason that now attends the establishment of economic goals. And it is also probably true that, by holding up current goals for examination and review, we shall get clearer ideas of what we want out of our economic activities as individuals and as nations, and shall be made richer by the mere process of finding out what we really do want. Those who can accept these beliefs will applaud the fact that a study group authorized by the Federal Council of Churches has, for five years, been at work on "the ethics and economics of society"—that is, has been examining and reviewing the goals of economic life.

The result of the Council's work thus far have been published in four volumes. "American Income and Its Uses," is the latest. The four authors hold that American income has risen substantially in recent decades, but that the development of ethical concepts about its use has lagged. Thus we still buy things only to keep up with the Joneses, and a large fraction of income goes for instruments of destruction.

More than half the book is taken up with statistical and descriptive studies: of income distribution, of standards and costs of living, of the impact of urbanization and industrialization on the normal family, the broken family, and the aged. There are few surprises here, but a most workmanlike job has been done of summarizing scattered monographs, facts, and recent figures.

The last chapter is a commentary by Dean Walter G. Muelder of the Boston University School of Theology. He suggests interesting bases for a system of economic ethics—one of which is that human needs are a clue to human rights. Dean Muelder appears to believe that neither absolute economic freedom nor consistent socialization will contribute towards realization of Christian economic values, but that some sort of mixed economy must be devised. In this commentary, as in other chapters, responsibility is laid on the industrially advanced nations to aid the underdeveloped nations. The theme of the book is restated in the final sentence: "Christianity should ever hold aloft the hope of a world in which income is adequate, justly distributed, and wisely consumed."

The concept underlying the book is admirable, yet the finished product is disappointing. The combined effort of the several authors is feeble because each one speaks only for himself. On the back of the title page we are told that "the volume is not a statement or pronouncement of the National Council" and that "each author is solely responsible for what appears under his name."

Churches have a long history of formulating economic goals. The medieval church did not hesitate to inveigh against usury or to define just price. It is true that the Reformation, in the words of R. H. Tawney, brought a "contraction of the territory within which the writ of religion was conceived to run." But perhaps modern democracies have allowed the contraction to go too far, and perhaps the burden of proof lies not on those who hold that churches should take a strong position on the ends of economic endeavor, but on those who do not.

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Hope for the Underdeveloped

"The Future of Underdeveloped Countries: Political Implications of Economic Development," by Eugene Staley *(Harper. 410 pp. $5), a volume presenting the fruits of a study group organized by the Council on Foreign Relations, deals with the problems of one-third of the world's population. W. S. Woytinsky, our reviewer, is co-author of "World Population and Production" and other books.*

By W. S. Woytinsky

EUGENE STALEY here attacks some of the fundamental problems of modern times and deals with some highly controversial aspects of our foreign policy and the activities of the United Nations. The "underdeveloped countries," as he defines them, comprise about two-thirds of the world's population and their future will ultimately shape the future of mankind.

Though the book is an outgrowth of deliberations of a study group on political implications of economic development organized by the Council on Foreign Relations, it presents rather the personal opinions of Mr. Staley. This gives it a charm and vitality unknown to symposiums and official reports of committees.

In approaching the various problems within the wide scope of his study, the author follows a set pattern: first, he tries to clarify the problem and its implications; next, he surveys the available information; then, he states his opinion—often a subjective value judgment—on questions which he believes can be answered with some degree of certainty.

Actually, Mr. Staley has not answered the question raised by the title of his book: What is the future of underdeveloped countries? He has, however, made a valuable contribution to the understanding of this question, by showing that the future of these countries—in terms of the political and cultural implications of economic progress and industrialization—will be determined by the interplay of a large number of factors and conflicting forces that cannot be measured and appraised in advance.

Mr. Staley has a definite notion as to what "successful" development is, and the main purpose of his study is to outline what the free world and the United States in particular should do to help the peoples of underdeveloped countries to bring about this pattern of development. As he sees it, "successful development" means:

Within the developing country—

1. Higher levels of production and real income, widely shared.
2. Progress in democratic self-government, reasonably stable and at same time responsive to the needs and wishes of the people.
3. Growth of democratic social relations, including broadly shared freedoms, opportunities for self-development, and respect for individual personality.
4. Less vulnerability to Communism and other totalitarianisms, by reason of the foregoing.

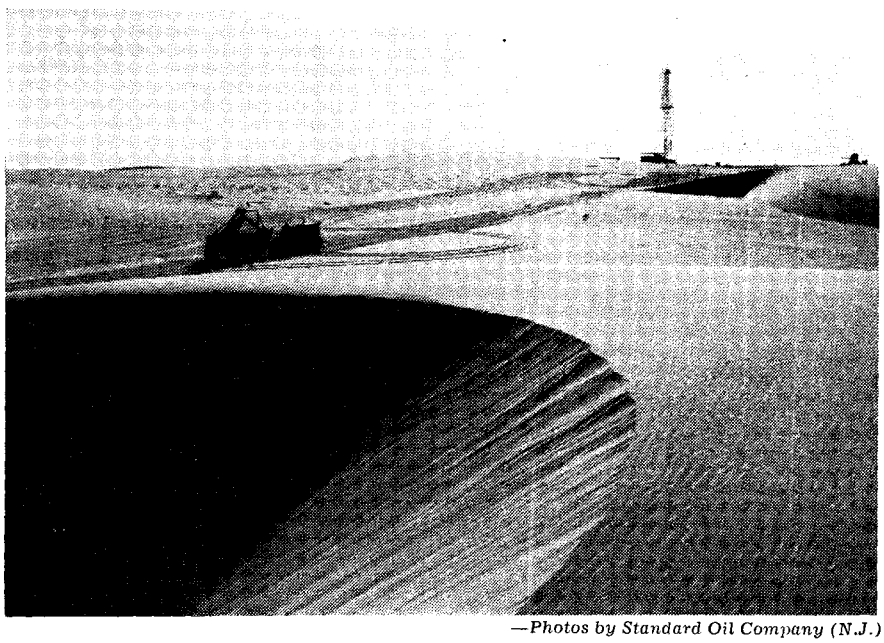
In external relations—

1. Growth of attitudes that make for a more peaceful world, and for freedom from both external oppression and from use of power to oppress others.
2. Growth of mutually beneficial international trade and investment.
3. Strengthening of the over-all resources of the free world and the collective defense capacity of free peoples against any aggression.

Mr. Staley is aware of the relative significance and interdependence of the aims he outlines. There is no fundamental difference in technical progress—for example, in building cement or steel mills, highways, and hydroelectric power stations—in the United States and the USSR. Nor is there any substantial difference between certain technical projects which the democratic and totalitarian forces demand or sponsor in underdeveloped areas. The same economic "hardware," however, can support two opposite political and social systems, can strengthen freedom and peace or establish slavery and increase international tensions and danger of a new war in the world.

"Growth of economic output," Mr. Staley writes, "is wanted for the benefits it can bring to human beings in the underdeveloped countries and in the rest of the world, including ourselves. But what it actually does bring depends on the way economic growth comes about, the direction it takes, what groups control it, and the political, social, and economic framework (domestic and international) in which it goes forward. It would be a great mistake to let the mere increase of physical production be elevated to the lofty status of an end in itself. A guide-line for American policy is to see economic development as a *means*, and to think often about the ends that we want it to serve."

The book is brilliantly written and is a demonstration of scholarship without pedantry. This reviewer does not hesitate to recommend it to the general reader as well as to persons especially concerned with international economic and political affairs.



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"It would be a great mistake to let increase of production be elevated to an end in itself."

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Notes

INDUSTRY, AMERICAN AND BRITISH: "I say, old chap, you don't *really* want our stuff, do you?" This low pressure, Oxford-accented understatement clinched a British manufacturer's sale. An American client in a similar position would have been left cold by such seemingly phlegmatic tactics. Yet, both British and American consumers can be urged into the same buying direction by differing approaches. The point made here by P. Sargant Florence in his study of **"The Logic of British and American Industry"** (University of North Carolina Press, $5) is that social attitudes and educational backgrounds determine economic climate in a very specific way. This accounts for similarities and dissimilarities in American and British industry, and Mr. Florence's thorough comparisons yield numerous valuable conclusions. As for the main dissimilarities, they lie in degree of mechanization and incentives both to labor and management, which have resulted in higher physical output per person in American industry. More than is often understood, there are many similarities for comparable industries in terms of structure, administration, location patterns, and size. This volume, along with Graham Hutton's "We Too Can Prosper," a recent and similar survey of the subject, affords a rounded view of British and American industrial workings.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

FAMILIES AND THE ECONOMY: The phrase "our way of life" is so loosely used, and sometimes abused, that it has become distended into a vague kind of generalization. As a welcome corrective, Hazel Kyrk casts an analytical eye on **"The Family in the American Economy"** (University of Chicago Press, $6) and sharply defines the economic and social meaning of our way of life. Here is a statistical picture of family buying, spending, and saving, which are deftly illustrated in their relationship to national wealth, the standard of living, social security, and consumer production. Some provoking situations come in for discussion by Miss Kyrk, professor-emeritus of economics at the University of Chicago. For instance, she examines the significance of potential time-saving devices in the home and office which have influenced our habits, yet have failed in their purpose of drastic reduction in over-all labor expended as compared with earlier days. We will have to master these devices, and educate the public on economics if we are to improve our home and administrative planning. —S. M.

ECONOMIC SCIENCE FROM ARISTOTLE TO KEYNES: What started out as a modest revision by Joseph A. Schumpeter of one of his early essays grew, through nine years of work, into a tome-sized, encyclopedic volume on the **"History of Economic Analysis"** (Oxford University Press, $17.50). It is no history of economics as such, but rather a rich description, in the late author's words, of "the development and the fortunes of scientific analysis in the field of economics, from Graeco-Roman times to the present, in the appropriate setting of social and political history and with some attention to the developments in other social sciences and also in philosophy." To this imposing task, Schumpeter brought a rare fund of scholarly and practical experience. His career included teaching posts at prominent European universities, a hopeless bout with the currency problems of his native land as Austrian minister of finance, tenure as president of a bank, and finally a professorship of economics at Harvard from 1932 to his death. Schumpeter's writings on the business cycle and general economic theories have been influential in contemporary literature on the subject. —S. M.

The glamorous autobiography of the daughter of Mme. Pandit and the niece of Nehru

PRISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

by NAYANTARA SAHGAL

This is the lighthearted and witty story of a gay and beautiful young girl's childhood and youth in India and the United States.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

grow, and Pappy Duke with only a little urging begins to plan a campaign for election to the Kentucky legislature. None has ever seen a Jew, but curiosities must wait until the fourth Monday in November when all farmers deliver their tobacco to the Calvary buyers. During this short time in November 1845, while all impatiently wait to see a living Jew, Zeff shares his life on Egypt Farm with the reader. We go with him to church, subscription school, a fox hunt, a blacksmith shop, and lastly to Calvary, where in addition to the Jew he sees a man killed, a political rally, and a near lynching.

"Dan'l Boone Kissed Me" can be highly recommended to those who enjoy reading matter packed with action and romance and undarkened by reality. The background is so lightly and at times so carelessly sketched that Egypt Farm might be set in some pleasant rural world of fairyland.

Etched in Acid

"The Heart in the Desert," by Gilbert Phelps *(John Day. 312 pp. $3.75), depicts the contemporary British literary scene through the medium of a fictional biography of one of its leading (though imaginary) lights.*

By Harrison Smith

ONE of the several remarkable attributes of Gilbert Phelps's first novel, "The Heart in the Desert," is that, in the strict meaning of the word, it is not a novel at all. It is an imaginary biography of a distinguished English novelist written by an imaginary critic who was presumed to be his life-long friend and admirer. It is an original conception brilliantly executed by a man who, since he is a distinguished member of the B. B. C. staff, a writer of short stories, poems, and literary criticism, is able to recreate with authority the contemporary literary scene in England.

The reader may at first be bewildered by the introductory chapter; but he is soon avidly reading the life story of Martin Crystal, who during his few creative years published seven novels, two volumes of verse, two volumes of essays, and a baffling play produced after his tragic death. Before he has finished the book the reader will know a great deal about the characters and plots of Mr. Crystal's novels and even more about the nature of the friend who damned him with faint praise, and who may in the end have murdered him. In fact, the only flaw to be found in the credibility of "The Heart in the Desert" is that Martin Crystal's publishers would hardly have been willing to bring out so malicious an interpretation of their famous author's life.

The subtlety with which Martin's life was distorted is almost diabolic. His boyhood companion and later his stern critic always envied and hated him. Martin, shy, awkward, ambitious, was the son of a poor family living in a small city. The friend who was to become his biographer and with whom he went to school lived with his mother in a large house on a better street. Martin's teachers recognized his latent talent and helped him win a scholarship, so the boys went to Cambridge together. They fell in love with the same girl, who later became Martin's second wife. Martin began to write feverishly, and then abandoned literature for the Civil Service. His clever friend rose rapidly as a man of outspoken views, a lecturer, an astringent critic of art and literature, and the editor of a literary magazine.

The war began, and Martin, after producing a book of anonymous and violently pacifist essays, enlisted as a private, "because it is better," he wrote, "to die with one's fellow creatures than to live alone."

That part of his life, as well as others through the years, is described by malicious excerpts from his novels which had increasingly revealed his genius to everyone except his future biographer, who wrote: "Even Crystal's emotions that are most sharply experienced find a mean and vulgar manifestation."

At the end, this assassin of his dead friend's reputation muses on his last memories of Martin Crystal and his wife who had found happiness and a creative life together on the seacoast of Portugal. "I see Patricia's serene face against the blue and apricot sky," he writes, "on Crystal's red hair in the setting sun above the Boca d'Inferno. I fell against him . . . he clutched at the rail . . . the rail snapped . . . he fell!"

There have been many secretive, malicious, and envious villains in recent fiction, but surely few of them can equal in villainy this masterly creation of the unnamed biographer, companion, critic, and presumptive murderer of his only friend.

Notes

FRIGHTENING FUTURE: Much recent social criticism has portrayed an imaginary future (*vide* Orwell, Huxley) in which, exactly opposite to the intention of early Utopian writers, the most frightening elements incipient in present society are developed to their logical conclusions. Gore Vidal follows this fashion in **"Messiah"** (Dutton, $3.50). In it, a naive mortician with a mesmeric personality and a simple, startling message (which it would be unfair to reveal here), captures the slavish devotion of the world of the near future. Among his disciples are a

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IN THE BEGINNING

Nan Carpenter, of Missoula, Montana, offers for your identification the titles of twelve first novels by writers whose fame rests upon other and later works. Matching eight titles and authors correctly should be a pastime of pleasure; nine, more of a pilgrim's progress; and ten or better cause for pride if not prejudice. Answers on page 37

1. "A Passionate Pilgrim."
2. "Fanshawe."
3. "Franklin Evans."
4. "Liza of Lambeth."
5. "Micah Clarke."
6. "Out of the Silent Planet."
7. "Precaution: or, Prevention is Better than Cure."
8. "Soldier's Pay."
9. "The Professor."
10. "Typee."
11. "Yeast."
12. "Zastrozzi."

1. Charlotte Brontë.
2. James F. Cooper.
3. A. Conan Doyle.
4. William Faulkner.
5. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
6. Henry James.
7. Charles Kingsley.
8. C. S. Lewis.
9. Somerset Maugham.
10. Herman Melville.
11. Percy B. Shelley.
12. Walt Whitman.

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Gore Vidal "an easy authority."

Hollywood publicist, master manipulator of the machinery of advertising and propaganda, and excellent coiner of jargon slogans with which to enthral the unregenerate masses; a neurotic analyst who would substitute the psychiatric clinic for the confession box; a shrewd woman whose love for the Master is perhaps not as selfless as she pretends; and a bloodless, dilettante historian whose "Pauline Epistles" make the tenets of the new faith intellectually viable, and in whose person the whole book is retrospectively narrated in a somewhat patronizing, academic manner. That this Messiah's message could so effectively seize man's imagination seems doubtful, since it denies the possibility of immortality in any form; but the prolific Mr. Vidal writes with a facility and an easy authority unusual in one so young. —JEROME STONE.

FRENCH HOMICIDE: Two Frenchmen, Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, have confected a little horror tale involving one of those drab triangular situations that used to be a mainstay of French films. **"The Woman Who Was No More"** (Rinehart, $2.75) goes beyond the merely sordid, however, into some tricky psychological sleight of hand that would chill the blood of a sea bass. Fernand Ravinel, a sad little salesman of sports equipment, is tired of his wife, Mireille, and attracted by a masterful lady physician. He and his loving M.D. plan to knock off Mireille, and set up housekeeping in Antibes on the insurance money. More of what happens cannot be revealed without giving away too much of a really ingenious story. The Messrs. Boileau and Narcejac play an entirely new variation on the double-indemnity theme, keeping the reader's interest riveted on M. Ravinel as he passes through various stages of horror, doubt, and fear. They also, believe it or not, employ flashes of ironic humor, and tie matters up in a weirdly untypical climax. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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Crime

Continued from page 21

quoted the American Prison Association Committee on the Causes of Prison Riots. Both agree that these causes are paramount as things now stand, and would like to see a different approach to penology. Like most critics they fail to come up with a solution for this complex problem.

Any book on prisons is bound to be controversial. There is always the side of the administration as well as that of the inmate. The McGraws and Martin have brought this fact to light, thus presenting to the reader a broad picture of the controversy. Too many books about prisons fail in this respect. Some of the evils of the prison system may be a reflection of a "delinquent society" as Martin puts it. If so, these books should shed some light upon what is wrong, which is a first consideration in determining what to do in order to bring about improvement.

California Villon

"Cell 2455, Death Row," by Caryl Chessman *(Prentice-Hall. 361 pp. $3.95), is the autobiography of a young Californian recently executed under that State's "Little Lindbergh" law. Here it is reviewed by Wenzell Brown, author of "Introduction to Murder," and other volumes on crime and criminology.*

By Wenzell Brown

"SELECT AT RANDOM between twenty and thirty men between the ages of eighteen and seventy-two. Put them in a situation beyond their capacity to control. Causally or casually condemn them to death. Give them only a tantalizingly slim chance of survival in the courts or with the governor. Confine them closely in an isolated section of the prison. For a time each day let them commingle. Periodically march them off to execute them, one by one, or two by two. Replace the ones executed with new recruits for the gas chambers."

Do this, Caryl Chessman tells us in his book, "Cell 2455, Death Row," and you will have re-created Death Row in San Quentin prison. Chessman should know. For nearly five years he lived in death cell 2455. Unless there have been further developments, he was executed on May 14.

Chessman was convicted under California's controversial "Little Lindbergh" law which makes the movement of a body by force, even though for a brief period of time, a capital offense. The State alleges that Chessman is the notorious "Red Light Bandit" who terrorized the lover's lanes near the fabled Malibu colony in 1948. Chessman denies vehemently and convincingly that this charge is true. Whether Chessman is guilty of the crimes for which he was convicted is debatable, but there can be no doubt of his warped personality, his incessant acts of violence, his hatred of authority, or of the brilliance of a mind which has directed all its energies into lawless pursuits.

Step by step, Chessman shows the development of his criminal psychosis. He was a sickly, precocious child, overly dependent upon his mother and too deeply involved emotionally in his religious training. He was bewildered by the seeming injustice of the frightful accident which crippled his mother. Then an attack of encephalitis destroyed part of his brain tissue, making him tone-deaf and bringing about a swift change in his personality. From this point on he was beset by tantrums, irrational bursts of anger, and a deep sense of guilt which constantly demanded punishment. Above all, he was obsessed by "a need for enemies" upon whom he could focus his seething resentments. It is doubtful if there has been any previous case study which has revealed so completely the processes of rationalization which have led to violence.

The execution of Caryl Chessman represents an inexcusable waste of valuable and unduplicatable human experience. Rarely has there been an individual capable of describing with such objectivity the compulsive drives, the distorted idealism, the traumatic experiences which threw his personality into disbalance. The sordidness, violence, and hate which have marked his life, can still be turned into constructive channels if society will lay aside its traditional concept of legal vengeance and seek to establish a program which emphasizes the prevention of crime and the rehabilitation of the criminal.

Obviously punishment offers no solutions to the problems posed by such disturbed personalities as that of Caryl Chessman. Behind much antisocial behavior lies the unwitting desire for punishment which will justify further and more intense criminal acts. What is the solution, then? At present society does not have the answers, but perhaps in time they can be discovered. That is exactly why "Cell 2455, Death Row" is of such importance. It provides basic material out of which new findings may come.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

ALL THE WAY BY WATER. By Captain Sidney W. Dean. Wilfred Funk. $4.50. A sequel to "We Fell in Love with Canada" (1950), in which the author tells of never-never peregrinations he and his wife have had since the war in their thirty-foot cruiser in and around the waterways of Canada and elsewhere. Complete with recipes of meals cooked en route.

AMERICAN ACCENT. Edited by Elizabeth Abell. Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. A collection of short stories by the staff members and fellows of the annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference as well as by some of the students.

AS IT HAPPENED: The Autobiography of Clement Attlee. Viking Press. $5. Memoirs from the mouse-colored man, who has been nominal head of the British Labour Party these twenty years, which tell of his middle class youth, Oxford, early days as a social worker in London's Limehouse district, his being deputy prime minister under Winnie, and the final rise by himself to P.M.

BRIEF CANDLES. By Manning Coles. Doubleday & Co. $3. A very jollysome story about a couple of shades who left their corporealities behind in France in 1870, and who are, or were, cousins, and how they accompany two of their descendants around for a while and indulge in catching some bank robbers, show a flair for magic, save a helpful forgerer, haunt a reputedly haunted inn, and then return unmournfully to their graves.

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday & Co. $2.75. Mr. Wouk's own adaptation of the court-martial scenes from his novel, now a successful play on Broadway.

THE CHARM OF HOURS. By Peter Skelton. William Morrow & Co. $4. Memories seen delicately in a glass about a sixteen-year-old and his love, and their last days together in a small Dutch coastal town before the war.

THE COROLI AFFAIR. By Mary Deasy. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A long-legged account of a colleen just in from Ireland who gets a job as a schoolmarm in a small town near the Mississippi circa 1880. A steamboat operator, married, falls in love with her, his wife is murdered, he is nearly lynched, they race off to get married—and he dies.

CRUSOE WARBURTON. By Victor Germains. Coward-McCann. $3.95. Some futuristic yarntelling about the sole survivor of a cruiser sunk in the Antarctic and of how he crusoes himself on a small island, is eventually joined by an exiled queen and her two daughters, wins her back her queendom, and learns that the rest of the world is about to be destroyed.

THE DARKNESS. By Evans John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A re-creation, through a supposed exchange of letters between Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, Herod and his wife, a Roman officer and friend, the secret agents, of the immediate aftermath of the Cruxifixion and of those involved in it.

DEAR MR. CONGRESSMAN. By Juliet Lowell. Little, Brown & Co. $2. An enlarged edition of some of the more unintelligent letters received from their constituents by U.S. Representatives.

EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN LIBERAL. By Lucille Milner. Horizon Press. $3.95. An account of the twenty-five years the author, a "bleeding heart of the far Left Wing," has spent as executive secretary of the A.C.L.U.

EIGHT WEEKS TO LIVE. By Jhan & June Robbins. Doubleday & Co. $1. A brief tribute to the late Senator Taft, which appeared originally in *This Week* and will appear in the *Reader's Digest*, in the form of an account of the last eight weeks of his life. There is a brief foreword by President Eisenhower.

ELISHA KENT KANE AND THE SEAFARING FRONTIER. By Jeanette Mirsky. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A biography of E. K. Kane (1820-1857), who, though a sufferer from rheumatic fever, became one of the first explorers to investigate the Arctic.

FARMWIFE. By Marion Roberts. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A Welsh-English "The Egg and I" about a lady brought up in Liverpool who escaped to Northern Wales

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where she took over a fifty-acre farm and eighteenth-century farmhouse, and of the shehooligans she gets involved in in the process of becoming bucolicized.

FREAKSHOW. By Jacquin Sanders. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. The strange life of one Bat Fitler, who finds normal society not his dish of onions, goes to work with a carnival outfit, and becomes involved with such abnormalities as the Fish Boy and the Fish Girl, the latter an armless creature he marries.

THE GENTLE HOUSE. By Anna Perrot Rose. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75. An account of how the author, despite the fact that she was widowed and too old for the job, took home an eleven-year-old Latvian D.P. whom she had met while a teacher, and of how she managed after a few years to straighten his sights on the world.

THE GOLDEN ECHO. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. The first volume of Mr. Garnett's autobiography, in which he tells of a childhood surrounded by such as Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, Galsworthy, Wells, Henry James, and W. H. Hudson, and of his own emergence in the Bloomsbury set of J. M. Keynes, Lytton Strachey, and Virginia Woolf. The years covered are 1892-1914.

GRANDMA ROLLED HER OWN. By Ted Peckham. Coward-McCann. $3. A portrait, by her grandson, of an iron-barrelled lady of Scots-Irish parentage who married twice, ran boarding houses all the way from here to San Francisco, loved horses and gambling, allowed her daughters to earn their way on the stage, dabbled in real estate, and became an agent of sorts during Prohibition.

GUIDANCE THROUGH DRAMA. By M. Jerry Weiss. William Morrow & Co. $3.95. Six "plays," all of which have been previously published and performed, by a doctor who has done much work in education.

HOUSE PARTY. By Virginia Rowans. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. Here we go out to West Egg again to a house just like Gatsby's, and to a houseparty just like a Gatsby houseparty. At this one, though, everybody finds out everything about everybody else's finances, loves, and morals, and in the end the big house burns down, neatly crisping all the *termites*.

I PUT MY RIGHT FOOT IN. By Harry J. Essex. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A vinegar pill about two playwrights—one of them tells the story—who watch their play from the time it is accepted for Broadway production until it opens, is *baked evenly by the critics, and closes.*

JOHANNESBURG FRIDAY. By Albert Segal. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. The newest entry in the South African novel-writing contest. This one involves a day or so in the life of a Jewish family of Johannesburg. The author operates a pharmacy in the same city.

JOURNEY WITHOUT END. By Manes Sperber. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. The third and final volume of Mr. Sperber's odyssey about an ex-Communist—"The Burned Bramble" and "The Abyss" were the first two—involves Faber's fight against Fascism in Yugoslavia, his eventual return in an ambulance to France, where he will take up his life as father of his own child and of a war orphan.

LADIES OF COURAGE. By Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. A collection of brief biographies, by the still-First Lady of the World and a prominent newspaperwoman, of some of the women in this country who have earned places for themselves in politics, both at the local and national levels. Included are Ivy Baker Priest, Alice K. Leopold, Maurine Neuberger, Mary Norton, Margaret Chase Smith, and Anna Rosenberg.

MR. HOBBS' VACATION. By Edward Streeter. Harper & Bros. $3. Mr. Streeter, a man with a lot of funnybones in his body, here tells the story of a projected summer vacation by the sea in an old, and unfortunately roomy house, and of how the vacation materialized as a nightmare compounded of grandchildren, daughters, peculiars sons-in-law, etc.

NEWSMEN SPEAK. Edited by Edmond D. Coblentz. University of California Press. $3.50. How to be a newsman, by such as

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1, 6; 2, 5; 3, 12; 4, 9; 5, 3; 6, 8; 7, 2; 8. 4; 9, 1; 10, 10; 11, 7; 12, 11.

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Pulitzer, Ochs, Scripps, Brisbane, W. A. White, Krock, Considine, Swope, Howard, Sulzberger, O. O. McIntyre, Hearst, Bruce Barton, etc.

RILEY MCCULLOUGH. By Carl Jonas. Little, Brown & Co. $3.95. Riley McCullough is a combination of Mitty, Augie March, and Colonel Stingo, and during his first-person narration here he pursues his cousin, makes some rain, practises Cogitology, and wishes his uncle had been his father. By the author of the well-received "Jefferson Selleck."

ROW'S END. By Louis Cochran. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. About a plantation overseer's son, who comes home from college in the North to get involved in a sharecroppers' uprising.

SATAN'S ROCK. By Carl D. Burton. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. A novel, set in the holler country of the Ozarks, that revolves around a seventeen-year-old boy and his family, which contains a jug-warming Pa, a long-suffering Ma, a sister who beats feet with a city slicker, and a looseminded brother who is also a murderer.

SIR ROGUE. By Leslie Turner White. Crown Publishers. $3.50. This one is about Sir Guy Spangler, who goes to the court of Ivan the Terrible to rescue a valuable cargo owned by the Companie Merchant Adventurers, takes along as protection a girl from prison who poses as a twin of one Lady Hastings whose portrait the Czar has fallen in love with, has some fragile dealings with Ivan and his huskies, and rescues the girl for his own.

SUCCESS AND WHAT IT TAKES. By Florence Edsall. William Morrow & Co. $3.75. What it takes to get heavenward in this crookedy old world, in terms of your aptitudes, interests, personality, and attitudes.

THESE WERE THE WOMEN. By Mary Ormsbee Whitton. Hastings House. $3.75. The second volume in the Procession of America Series is a kind of many-pictured gallery of the stout ladies who directed the country, through their men, in the years 1776-1860. Included are brief portraits of First Ladies, Revolutionary heroines, Quaker schoolmarms, arbiters of frontier etiquette, etc.

TYPHOON IN TOKYO. By Harry Emerson Wildes. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. An examination of the successes and failures of the American occupation of Japan, by the sociologist author of "Social Currents in Japan" and "Aliens in the East."

UNDER THE NET. By Iris Murdoch. Viking Press. $3.50. A wry bubblefest about a modern picaroon and his friend, a natural philosopher, and of their merry pranks with a bookie, a midnight swim in the Thames, an Irish ne'er-do-well, a riot on a movie set, and two glamorous sisters. A first novel, by a lecturer in philosophy at Oxford.

THE UNICORN. By Virginia Moore. The Macmillan Co. $6. A study of the poetry of William Butler Yeats, with special attention given his religious beliefs (the Druidic tradition, Blake, Hermetic literature), his loves (Maude Gonne, Olivia Shakespeare), and literary influences upon him.

WINDWARD OF REASON. By H. Gifford Irion. The Dial Press. $3.50. All about a Boston cousin (male) who raises his Virginia cousin (female) to be a non-hearted intellectual, and of how, one day, her reason fails her, and she suffers severe heartburn.

WIVES AND LOVERS. By Margaret Millar. Random House. $3. Scrambled eggs and orange juice, involving a dentist and his angry wife, during fiesta time in a California coastal town.

THE WONDERFUL WRITING MACHINE. By Bruce Bliven, Jr. Random House. $3.95. A history of that dear old monster, the typewriter, from its first origins in 1714 in England, to its first American design in 1829, and perfection by Sholes of Milwaukee some fifty-two models later.

THE YEAR OF THE LION. By Gerald Hanley. Macmillan Co. $3. Some lonesome drums about a year a young Englishman spends in East Africa in 1935 as a farm apprentice.

YOUNGBLOOD. By John O. Killens. The Dial Press. $3.95. A novel about a Negro family in a small Georgia factory town in the late Twenties and early Thirties.

ZAPOTEC. By Helen Augur. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. A study of southern Mexico, and in particular the fifteen tribes of Oaxaca as they are today, and as they were before the Aztecs rose to power, when the Spaniards delivered them from the Aztecs, through to the rise of one of their members, Benito Juarez, unifier of Mexico.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

New Monthlies

Continued from page 13

literary criticism in English which in the opinion of the present writer can stand comparison with any published in this century and can be challenged by few. But Dr. Leavis has high and severe standards, and *Scrutiny* attacked without urbanity all who in its opinion diverged from such standards.

THE magazine ended its life in a whirl of controversy. There was a polemic against Dr. Bateson, the editor of *Essays in Criticism*, an Oxford critical quarterly published by Basil Blackwell, an Oxford bookseller, whereas *Scrutiny* was published by Deighton, Bell, a Cambridge bookseller. In the public press Dr. Leavis repeated his analysis that the BBC, the British Council, and the established Sunday journals controlled the world of creative literature and criticism, and were now incorporating the universities. Its criticism he considered to be mere journalism and its size, weight, and low standards of necessity stifled original creative work.

He was specific in his charges of discrimination against *Scrutiny*. His paper did not fail. It sold 2,500 copies and has always paid for paper and printing; its circulation was rising. But Dr. Leavis says that he could not cope with the double work of teacher and editor.

Conversation with Dr. Leavis quickly left the journal and centered on literature. He is no academician. He believes that great literature is rooted in a community. But the old English community life, of which even a writer as recent as D. H. Lawrence wrote, has been destroyed. The old cultural tradition, rooted in that community, had but one remaining link with the present world: literature. And he believes that this tie too has been severed. The impression I gain is that the actual influence of his magazine was wide even among those whose lack of standards he pointed out so remorselessly, and there is general feeling that English literature is the poorer for the loss of this vigilant scrutiny. It is a gap which neither *The London Magazine* nor *Encounter* seems likely to fill.

And a reading of "The Golden Horizon," a selection from *Horizon*, shows that it is not only in the literary criticism of the arts that this magazine performed a special function. In it European literature and criticism were spaciously at home in a manner that at present view seems unlikely in either *The London Magazine* or *Encounter*. Mr. Connolly, it should not be forgotten, believed as late as last year that the "true cause of the failure of private periodicals is the constriction of free trade and free thought generated by the Cold War." These two new journals have been so warmly welcomed that they may very well prove him wrong. In any case the filling of the gaps still left by *Scrutiny* and *Horizon* depends upon the success of *The London Magazine* and *Encounter*.

The Land Was Mine

By Virginia Beal

THE silver fence encloses nothing; the cow
The belled and tawny cow is gone. Nothing now
Moves here with horns or hooves or summer breath.
The last grasshopper, one frost this side of death
Darkly ruminates upon a ruined bough.

A cricket herd inherits the grass, and they,
Sleek as Angus, graze the field. Today
And yesterday their dry bells in the sun
Have brought me to the gate that hangs undone—
Undone, undone, undone, tomorrow as yesterday.

The grief one grieves for this is muted, low,
And is not tears or twisting hands. I know.
The red-cowled funeral bird without a sound
Revolves his tilting shadow on the ground,
The dull arrow of his head drawn on his wings'
dark bow.

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Talking Things Over

Continued from page 12

lege and high school assemblies, summer conferences it is bringing together millions of people in thousands of communities to receive information and inspiration which makes for unity of purpose, courage, and understanding.

We shall not truly have won the war unless victory finds us with a clear understanding of what we must do to prevent another. That understanding can come only from free and honest discussion by the people of the vital issues of war and peace. I am sure that the platform will take the lead in fostering this discussion, serving as a great national forum to clarify our purposes and strengthen our resolution.

In these uncertain days of fear, however unfounded, of mass hysteria, however incomprehensible, of McCarthyism, however arrogant, that last paragraph rings with a clear warning that is not to be denied. It is as urgent, as timely as though written yesterday instead of eleven years ago. The necessity for "free and honest discussion" is still with us; indeed, the need is even greater than it was a decade ago, for the men and the forces that would today destroy our right to "free and honest discussion," our American habit of "*talking things over*," are more dangerous and insidious than enemies beyond the seas because they are "inside operators."

NOW as another lecture season comes to a close (more than 95 per cent of American lecturing is done between mid-October and mid-May) everyone involved in the system is taking stock of the situation in order to plan intelligently for the 1954-55 season. And nearly everyone is worried. Records assembled from all over the country show that, with a few marked exceptions, audiences for lectures are not as large as formerly. One manager of a large "circuit" in the Middle West writes further: "Audience taste is changing. They are requiring more entertainment than ever before."

When an American business that has been grossing upwards of ten million dollars a year finds its income taking a 15 to 20 per cent cutback, its sponsors are naturally going to ask "Why?" and also "What can be done about it?"

That, roughly speaking, is the situation that the American lecture business finds itself in today, and all across the country agents, local managers, program chairmen, and sponsors of old, established public forums and Town Halls are asking those questions.

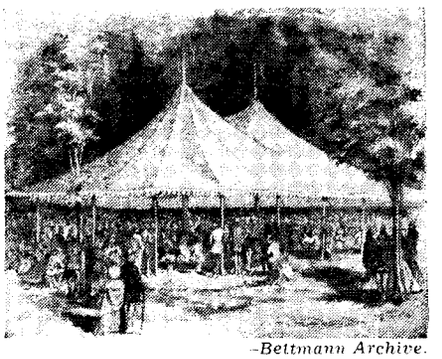
The answer to the first question, it is rather generally believed, is: "Television." The answer to the second question has not yet been found. It is my purpose in the paragraphs that follow to indicate that there is an answer, and a rather simple one. It is the answer that Emerson learned the hard way: *It is the duty of the lecturer to entertain his audience.*

A century ago Emerson was lecturing in the Middle West. It was winter, and in Beloit, Wisconsin, it was twenty below. In his "Journal" he noted: "This climate and people are a new test for the wares of a man of letters. All his thin, watery matter freezes. 'Tis only the smallest portion of alcohol that remains good. At the lyceum, the stout Illinoian, after a short trial, walks out of the hall."

Emerson, who through four decades gave hundreds upon hundreds of public lectures from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, had as his chief competitors the weather, impassable roads, the congenital lethargy and apathy of many people. But he did not have to compete with, first, the radio, and now television. Our lecturer today has a rougher assignment, really, than Ralph Waldo Emerson ever undertook, for his chief competitor is right there in the home, calling to Mr. Emerson's "Illinoian" and to his ilk all over this land today: "Why go out! Stay home with me! I'll bring you news and commentary, music and entertainment, forums and panel discussions. Stay with me!"

But I believe that Emerson would have met this challenge, were he living today; and I believe that today's lecturer can learn from Emerson some useful tricks that may help him to compete successfully with TV. For the sage of New England, champion of the oversoul and exponent of transcendentalism, goes on in the same passage quoted above from his "Journal": "The Committee tells you that the people want a hearty laugh, and those who give them that are heard with joy. Well, I think the people are always right (in a sense), and that the man of letters is to say, These are the new conditions to which I must conform. The architect who is asked to build a house to go upon the seas, must not build a Parthenon, or a square house, but a ship. And Shakespeare, or Franklin, or Aesop, coming to Illinois, would say, I must give my wisdom a comic form, instead of tragics or elegiacs, and well I know to do it, and he is no master who cannot vary his forms, and carry his own end triumphantly through the most difficult."

There is real understanding of human nature and of the lecturer's basic



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Sunday-School at Chautauqua Lake.

job (real humility, too!): "The people are always right (in a sense)" and "I must give my wisdom a comic form." Obviously, this does not mean that our lecturer should "play for the laugh," or attempt to outdo Groucho Marx, Bob Hope, or Imogene Coca. It does not mean that he should try to turn himself into a peripatetic merry andrew. It does mean that he must be human and humble; that he must not be solemn, or pontifical, or stuffily arbitrary. It does mean that he must entertain.

Emerson was deeply aware of this, and this awareness made him one of the most popular repeat lecturers of his time. Listen to James Russell Lowell describe Emerson's sense of showmanship: "And how artfully (for Emerson is a long-studied artist in these things) does the deliberate utterance, that seems waiting for the fit word, appear to admit us as partners in the labor of thought and make us feel that the glance of humor were a sudden suggestion, as if the perfect phrase lying written there on the desk were as unexpected to him as to us! In that closely filed speech of his at the Burns centenary dinner, every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. . . .Every sentence brought down the house, as I never saw one brought down before."

That is a telling description by a contemporary of how Emerson would have met the challenge of TV were he living today. He would have been better than TV, for he would have demonstrated in every public lecture that one live man on a platform before an audience is better than a thousand shadow-pictures. TV is here, and it is here to stay. It is good (when it is!) and it will be better. But TV will never give the auditor that feeling of immediacy, of personal participation that he gets when he is in an auditorium with others listening to a speaker. The TV auditor can, of course, cut off any program at will, but he cannot "talk back" to the speaker, he cannot have the feeling, so much a part of the American personality, that he is "talking things over."

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Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
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ABOVE SUSPICION *Helen MacInnes* (Harcourt Brace: $3.75)	Reissue of thirteen-year-old suspense job that won speedy fame.	Pace hot from Oxford through Germany to Italian border.	Good in 1941, good in 1954
THE WATCHER AT THE DOOR *Geoffrey Holiday Hall* (S&S: $2.50)	Yank couple gets involved in cloak-dagger stuff in Vienna.	Lacks action in spots, but pleasant travelogue.	Worthwhile
DEATH WON'T WAIT *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.50)	London ne'er-do-well slain; widow and young lawyer in jam; A. Crook to rescue.	Words abound; pace not fast; lackadaisical performance.	No medals
COLD POISON *Stuart Palmer* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Disney-type studio crew watch Hildegarde Withers, Oscar Piper do stuff.	Highly contrived yarn, but aging spinster nice as ever.	Plus mark
ARSON *Brendan P. Battle & Paul B. Weston* (Greenberg: $3.75)	Practical manual for law officers, insurers, public (unit in Gold Shield Library).	Co-author speaks with authority as official of Natl. Bd. Fire Underwriters.	OK
I'LL KILL YOU NEXT *Adam Knight* (Appleton: $2.75)	Skip-Tracer Steve Conacher trails NY cartoonist, finds uncomic corpse.	Numerous gals, at whom many passes made; punches also thrown.	Slightly woozy
THE SILENT POOL *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Miss Silver, aging British peeper, goes to old actress's rescue; two die.	No corpse till p. 114; much verse quoted in author's No. 52.	For leisurely readers
GLASS ON THE STAIRS *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.75)	NY interior-dec. set jarred by apparent suicide; cops, hams, all get busy.	Sprightly yarn has good lines, odd people, weird plot.	Gay and goofy

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STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, peace-loving, food-loving types welcome. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, Maine (10 miles at sea!). Booklet?

THREE VILLAGE INN, Stony Brook, N.Y., on Long Island Sound in Suffolk County. Colonial setting, delicious food, informal, swimming, boating.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 weekly. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Brunswick, Maine. NYC representative: Mrs. Robinson, RHinelander 4-4396.

500-VOLUME RECORD LIBRARY and perfect phonograph to reproduce your choice. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

BERKSHIRES—12 miles Tanglewood; large old Colonial, center of 200 wooded acres. Season, $1,200. Box S-574.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for self-sufficient people looking for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful countryside 50 miles from New York. Swimming, boating, fishing nearby. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates. Maple Road Brewster, N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

MOHICAN HILLS, Brewster. Gracious weekends. Delectable food. Very reasonable. 50 miles New York. Decoration weekend registration. Telephone Patterson. N.Y., 3104.

VACATIONS

STIMULATING RURAL VACATION OPPORTUNITY for men and women. Conference on "World Trends and Our Responsibilities," June 26-July 10. Carefree, friendly life on lovely campus Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y. Forums, discussions, swimming, folk dancing, trips, etc. in cooperation with Foreign Policy Association. Write Director, Summer Institute for Social Progress, 14 West Elm, Wollaston, Massachusetts.

ARE you in a moonjunetune mood? Write MUSIC INN at Lenox, Massachusetts.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

TWELVE-FIFTY for one dollar! Take advantage of new exchange rate to visit Mexico for accredited arts, crafts, Spanish, field trips this summer, fall. Free illustrated prospectus; INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 7, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

BERKSHIRES. If you love France, you'll love SUNINSIDE. Ideal for peace-loving gourmets. Monterey, Massachusetts.

SCHROON CREST on Schroon Lake—Comes Alive! All-expense Decoration Weekend, 3 days, $41.50, includes round-trip fare. Informal adult resort. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570, or MAin 4-1230.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, New York. 2,100 feet elevation. 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest Preserve. Mountain and Lake recreation. Cottages. American plan. Booklet, rates on request.

FOLK-SINGER TOM GLAZER entertains at SEVEN HILLS Decoration Day weekend. Our new, spacious dining room and cocktail lounge are also worth crowing over! Write, phone for reservations. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox 5, Massachusetts. Lenox 8677.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

OR perhaps in a lazy lilacs mood? Write MUSIC INN at Lenox, Massachusetts.

RARE CHARM of intimate, congenial group. CAMP TIMBERLAND, informal Adirondack adult camp, Pottersville, N.Y. Sports, lake, dancing, theatre workshop. NYC office, 33 West 42 St., LOngacre 5-3674.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N.Y.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach. Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theaters. The BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout stream. Swimming, horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking and horseback riding. Golf and tennis, recordings, ping-pong, library, informal dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Attractive Spring rates. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N.Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

YOU do know where to write, don't you?—MUSIC INN at Lenox, Massachusetts.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hortonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1052

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *Masculine name meaning illustrious warrior.*	10 64 37 178 42 125
B. Where one may often expect to encounter "soft shoulders" (3 wds.).	153 98 149 60 139 179 133 47 124 76
C. Ravel.	109 144 59 8 100 112 15
D. Heroine of a Boccaccio story *borrowed by Keats.*	30 66 40 44 116 110 147 32
E. Characterizing Marie, Adeline, and King David as a "singer."	73 28 187 95 152
F. Scenic county in Eire—mountains, seacoast, river country.	31 174 159 136 36 114
G. Affectedly learned or pedantic	170 154 161 94 48 62 85
H. Render helpless by perplexity.	171 27 75 90 82 58 105
I. Influenced.	175 115 9 142 150 35
J. Female spirit warning of death who wails as she combs her hair.	119 74 13 96 38 72 34
K. Agreeableness of sound of letters.	177 143 26 54 188 157
L. Should be a favorite seafood in the U.S.S.R.	169 189 80 22 128 182 135 162 70
M. Fanciful ornament.	52 148 123 93 18 180 63 141

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Tough cut of beef made tender by pounding in much flour (2 wds.).	192 4 106 2 158 86 134 17 20 11
O. Slang for in addition to the regular portion (3 wds.).	19 184 7 164 61 140 83 67 131
P. Former object of ordinary table use now often opened up and worn as a bracelet (2 wds.).	88 1 168 49 71 56 23 183 6 186
Q. Pertaining to gem engraving.	172 102 127 65 145 50 107
R. *Brünnhilde's kingdom (Nibelungenlied).*	191 166 121 151 68 129 111
S. First woman to receive the Order of Merit, 1907.	29 69 14 16 163 3 79 185 156 46 39
T. Extending throughout the length and breadth of a considerable political subdivision (comp.).	167 138 87 92 103 55 12 155 81
U. Conditional stipulation.	113 181 101 41 165 190 108
V. Building material which should be popular in the U.S.S.R.	117 5 53 173 84 24 21
W. Contemporary pianist-orchestra conductor born in Spain, 1895.	146 104 120 126 57 137
X. Birthday of T. Roosevelt, as now observed throughout U.S. in connection with an institution he did much for as President (2 wds.).	43 132 99 45 89 78 122
Y. Eat ravenously.	130 97 176 25 91 51 77 160 33 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 P	2 N		3 S		4 N	5 V	6 P	7 O		8 C	9 I	10 A	11 N	12 T
13 J	14 S			15 C	16 S	17 N		18 M	19 O	20 N	21 V		22 L	23 P	24 V	25 Y	
26 K	27 H	28 E	29 S			30 D		31 F	32 D	33 Y	34 J	35 I		36 F	37 A		38 J
39 S	40 D	41 U	42 A	43 X			44 D	45 X		46 S	47 B	48 G	49 P	50 Q	51 Y	52 M	
53 V	54 K	55 T	56 P			57 W	58 H	59 C	60 B	61 O	62 G	63 M	64 A	65 Q	66 D		67 O
68 R	69 S	70 L	71 P	72 J	73 E			74 J	75 H	76 B		77 Y	78 X	79 S	80 L	81 T	82 H
83 O	84 V	85 G	86 N		87 T	88 P	89 X		90 H	91 Y	92 T	93 M	94 G	95 E	96 J		
97 Y	98 B		99 X	100 C	101 U	102 Q	103 T	104 W	105 H		106 N		107 Q	108 U	109 C	110 D	
111 R		112 C	113 U	114 F		115 I	116 D	117 V	118 Y		119 J	120 W	121 R	122 X		123 M	
124 B	125 A	126 W	127 Q	128 L	129 R	130 Y		131 O	132 X	133 B	134 N	135 L		136 F	137 W	138 T	
139 B		140 O	141 M	142 I		143 K	144 C	145 Q	146 W	147 D		148 M		149 B	150 I	151 R	
152 E		153 B	154 G		155 T	156 S	157 K	158 N		159 F	160 Y	161 G	162 L		163 S	164 O	
165 U	166 R		167 T	168 P	169 L	170 G	171 H	172 Q		173 V	174 F	175 I		176 Y	177 K	178 A	
179 B	180 M	181 U	182 L	183 P	184 O	185 S		186 P	187 E	188 K	189 L	190 U	191 R	192 N			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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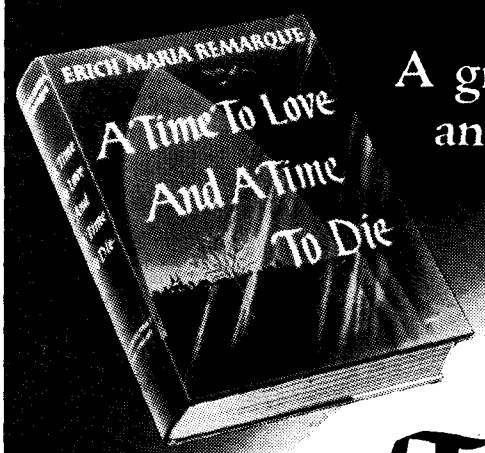

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"It is unusual when a remarkable novel can be summed up in simple words like Death and Love. This powerful novel is not, like *All Quiet on the Western Front,* a story of men become soldiers. It is a story of soldiers become men again, their arrogance and ambition dissolved by the chemistry of war and death into simple elements, whether bad or good, with which men had begun.

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"And at last in a wrecked tenement he finds Elisabeth, the daughter of a family friend. The two join their destinies, then their hearts. Their love becomes the whole of life, and proceeds in dramatic episodes through the devastated town where they live and hide, all in a growing intensity which shows how love can thrive even in an unparalleled disaster.

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